

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

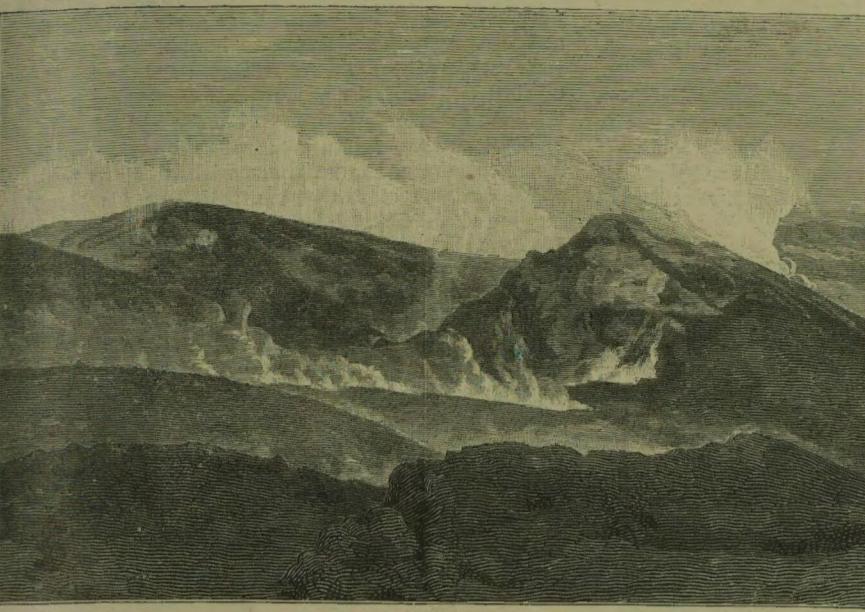


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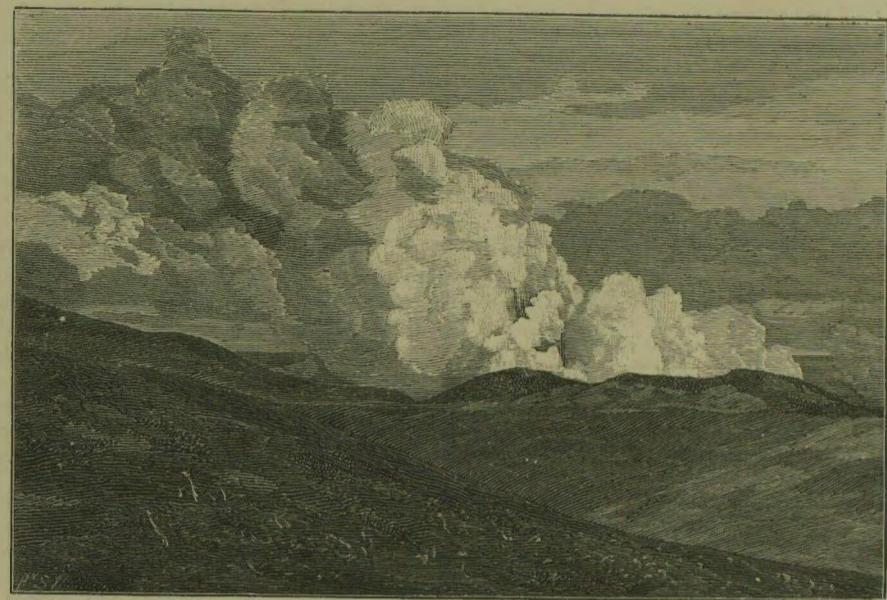
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1886.

WITH SUPPLEMENT { SIXPENCE.  
AND COLOURED PICTURES } BY POST, 6d.



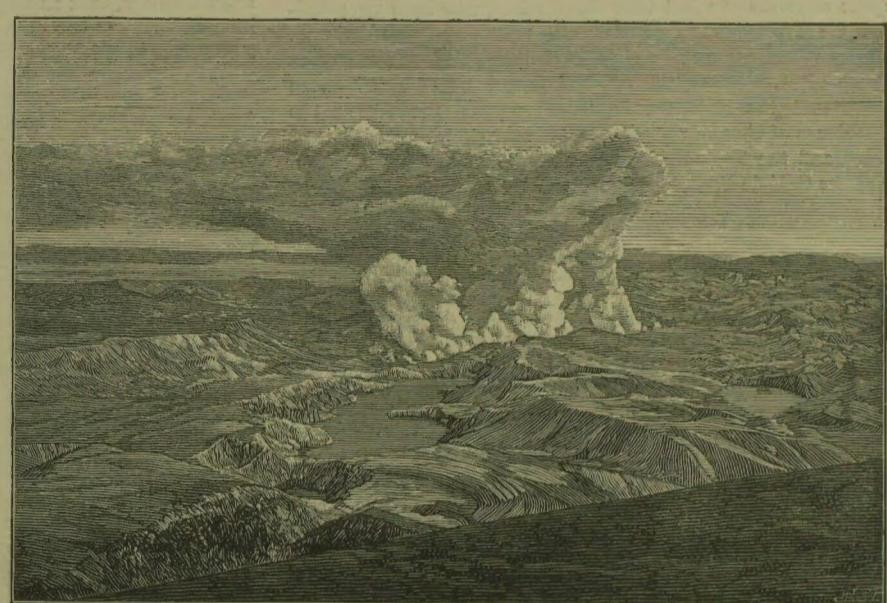
SUMMIT OF MOUNT TARAWERA, SHOWING THE RIFT CAUSED BY THE ERUPTION.



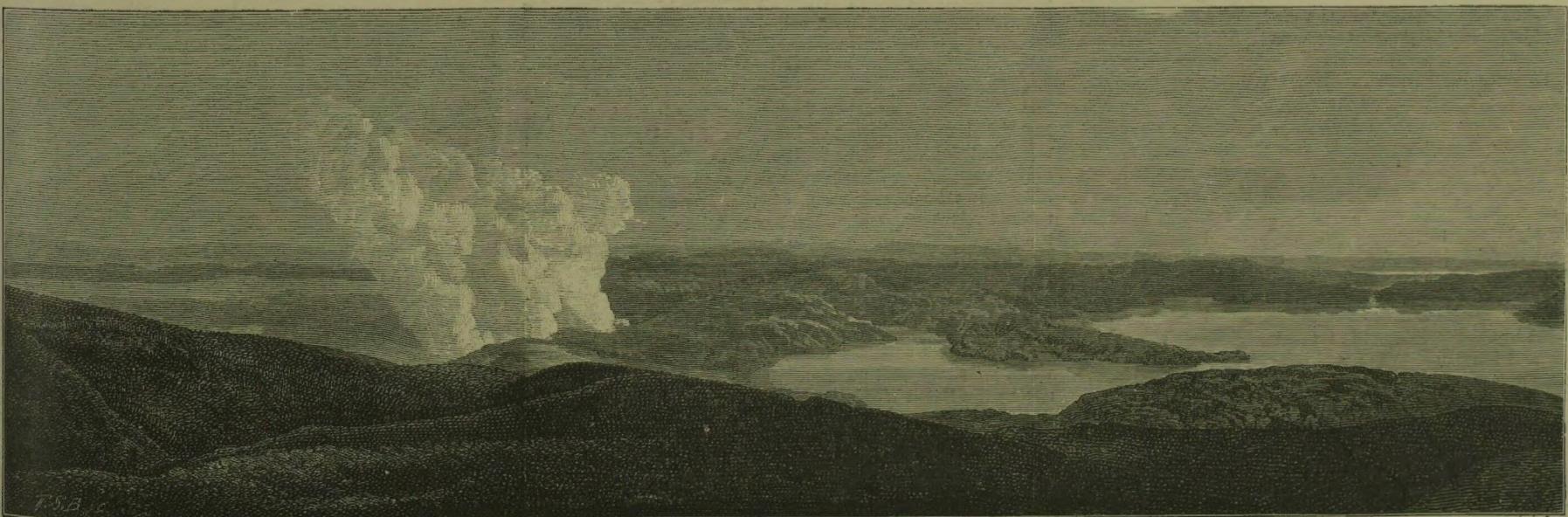
MOUNT HASZARD, NEAR LAKE OKARO, A HILL OF MUD PRODUCED BY A GEYSER.



THE RIFT BETWEEN MOUNT TARAWERA AND LAKE ROTOMAHANA.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ERUPTION FROM THE TOP OF MOUNT TARAWERA.



LAKE TARAWERA, WITH LAKE ROTORUA IN THE DISTANCE.

THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN NEW ZEALAND.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. C. SPENCER, TAURANGA.

## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The Distressed Compiler's watch—not the horologe which (of course) is in the safe keeping of the illustrious Lombard family of Attenborgo, but the watch of his mind and memory—was exactly seven days too slow, last week, in the matter of Mr. Cavendish Bentinck and Grinling Gibbons' statue of James II. The Compiler mentioned that the Right Honourable member for Falmouth and Penrhyn was to put a question to the First Commissioner of Works on Monday, Sept. 27; but it turns out that Mr. Bentinck had interrogated Mr. Plunket before the Compiler's paragraph was written. This comes of having no politics, and of omitting to read the debates. I will read them all next Session: especially the speeches of Dr. Tanner.

I might have avoided the blunder had I brought with me that very curious and interesting book "L'Art de Vérifier les Dates." Does anybody read it now-a-days? Perhaps the art of verifying dates might be advantageously studied by a writer in the *Times*, who, in reviewing Captain Buchan Telfer's just published monograph, "The Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont," remarks: "He (the Chevalier) returned to London, dressed as a woman, in 1783, and remained in this country until his death, in 1810, or, as some authorities say, in 1811."

The words which I have put in italics indicate a curious condition of mental carelessness. The *Times* and other London daily newspapers existed in 1810-11; and the Chevalier d'Eon was a personage of too much notoriety for his decease to pass unnoticed by the newspapers of the day. I happened to remember very well that the Chevalier died in 1810, because it was the year in which Napoleon married Maria Louisa, and Sir Francis Burdett was sent to the Tower. But, distrusting my memory after that sad Cavendish-Bentinck blunder, I sent to town for the volumes of the *Examiner* for 1810-11; and, under date of Sunday, May 27, 1810, I read as follows:—

On Tuesday, aged eighty-five, at his residence in Millman-street, Foundling Hospital, the Chevalier d'Eon. This celebrated and well-known character for some time officiated as Minister from the late Court of France to that of Great Britain. The Chevalier was for many years believed to be a female, of which sex he (for so we may now speak) wore the attire, &c. However, this curious question was on Wednesday set at rest, the body being dissected in the presence of some professional gentlemen, and several persons of consideration.

Scarcely a day passes without John Bull being reminded by some act of unfriendliness or of downright spitefulness on the part of French officials towards English subjects, that the lively Gaul entertains for Bull sentiments akin to those which Martial entertained for Zabidus, and which the Oxford undergraduates entertained for Doctor Fell. Frenchmen cannot tell why they dislike the English; but they dislike us heartily, nevertheless.

After the raid on the English yachting party in Brittany comes the seizure of the English oyster-smacks which had ventured to enter the port of Havre. But let John Bull console himself. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery; and it is quite refreshing to find that the French, who hate us politically, are continually copying our manners. The lively M. Pierre Véron, commenting in a Paris illustrated paper on the death of M. Verdier, the original proprietor of that famous restaurant the Maison d'Or, utters a mild moan over the decadence of French restaurants, and asks, what has become of Véry, and the Trois Frères Provençaux, and the Cadran Bleu, and the Café de Paris? He continues:—

Dinner is no longer an art. It is a function, which we hasten to accomplish. Degustation is dead; gluttony only survives. Supper is in its last agonies. As for breakfast, which was in the past a special rendezvous for gay chat and long-drawn idling, it has become an affair to be dispatched in a quarter of an hour in the grilling-room (*sic*), which is the cousin of the railway buffet.

"The grilling-room"! The French are a nation quick to learn. In the course of another generation or so they may learn to say "grill-room." Already they have found out that English girl-children look very pretty in black silk stockings; and black silk hose are beginning to make their appearance in the French fashion-books as "modes de Paris." But they have not yet discovered that lawn-tennis, as an English outdoor pastime, has entirely killed croquet; and every month our fashion-books, with plates "taken from the French," are full of sylph-like figures playing a dead-and-gone game.

What is to be done with the Greek gipsies? These vagabonds are here, there, and everywhere. They are not Greeks, the Consul-General for Greece says. Most of them are Serbs and Roumanians. Greece will not have them. America will not have them. Australia will not have them. Nobody will have them. Could not employment be found for these outcasts in some place where their exceeding nastiness would not render them a nuisance to the soap-and-water using public? Why not utilise the Greek gipsies in looking after the sewers? Alas! the Surveyor of Chelsea, in his report to the Vestry, adduces some startling facts to show that, contrary to what might be generally supposed, the sewer-men, of the parish of Chelsea at least, show marvellous health and vitality, although they spend seven hours a day underground. One sewer-man, who is now pensioned off, is eighty-six, another is seventy-four; another is seventy-five, and another fifty-five; and these veterans have been at work in the sewers for periods ranging between twenty-eight and thirty-eight years. It would be dreadful to have patriarchial Greek gipsies in our midst growing healthier and dirtier every decade of their existence.

The new marriage rules for the Salvationists, just promulgated by the Staff Council of the Army, should be framed, glazed, and hung up in the parlour of every family where there are any young ladies or gentlemen contemplating matrimony. One need not be a Salvationist to appreciate to the full the shrewd common-sense of the following stringent order:—"That in future no sanction will be given to courting or any engagement of any male lieutenant; he must get promoted to the rank of captain before anything of the kind can be recognised. . . . In future no marriage will be agreed to by headquarters unless we have consented to the engagement at least twelve months before." General Booth is a wonderful man. When I get home again I will read what Voltaire has written about the rule of the Jesuits in Paraguay.

There are some truly comfortable things in the inaugural address delivered by Sir T. Spencer Wells, Bart., F.R.C.S., at York, as President of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain. It is, for example, comfortable to learn that Dr. B. W. Richardson, "one of the foremost of our Sanitary Reformers," was the first to make generally known the grounds upon which Owen and Flourens calculated that three score years and ten or four score years should not be the extreme limit of human life; but that old age only begins at seventy, mellowing down to a ripe old age at eighty-five, and that the natural duration of human life under perfectly healthy surroundings ought to be a hundred years, and might be occasionally carried on some fifteen or twenty years longer. The Royal Psalmist thought differently; but modern wisdom is so very superior to the sapience of the ancients.

Would you like to be ninety years of age, with all the friends of your youth and middle age dead, and a conceited generation of sanitarians growing up around you, complacently resolved, by means of "healthy surroundings," to live to a hundred? I should not. I like Sir Spencer Wells better when he tells us that barely fifty years have elapsed since the general introduction of savings banks; yet that by the last returns more than forty-five millions sterling stood to the credit of depositors in these trustee banks; while in the Post-Office Savings' Bank, established only in 1861, more than forty-four millions belong to the industrial classes of the United Kingdom.

"A. B." has been at the polite pains to send me a leaf from a Russian railway guide; and therein I find that the Muscovite orthography of St. Petersburg is precisely the same as I set it down in the "Echoes." SANKT abbreviated to C, which is the Russian S; PETERBURG with the final semi-vowel "yer," to harden the pronunciation of the G.

"J. P." (Tain), while kindly forwarding me 2s. 6d. for the blind man whose dog is dead (don't send me any more money, please), adds that a month ago she wrote me a letter, enclosing a stamped envelope for a reply, and that no reply has been received. I am sorry to say that at my house in London it rains letters of which the writers want private replies, and that it "mizzles" stamped envelopes. If "J. P." will write to me (without enclosing a stamped envelope), I will gladly make answer.

Touching the supposititious offspring of Napoleon the Great. Of the putative sons of that Adventurer I have already spoken; but a correspondent reminds me that there died, about a quarter of a century since, a notable supposititious daughter of Napoleon, the famous prima donna Giuditta Pasta. Her features were eminently Napoleonic; and the people of Como, where the "Diva" had a beautiful villa, generally believed that she was a daughter of young General Buonaparte, who was at Milan when Pasta's mother was a dancer at the Scala. Pasta herself always took as a compliment any allusion to the strong likeness between her own bust and that of Napoleon, which stood close to it in her salon.

Mem. I can just remember to have heard Pasta utter the famous "Tu!" in "Medea," at the King's Theatre (Her Majesty's); but whether it was at rehearsal or at a night performance of the opera in question, I forget. Possibly, I was told that she would say "Tu" and that I waited for "Tu." Yet, so cloudy is my remembrance that I sometimes ask myself whether it was not Ristori's "Tu" instead of Pasta's? Old frequenters of the King's Theatre, resolve my doubt.

Another delightful item of what may be called "Napoleoniana" is to be found in a Parisian publication called *La Gazette Anecdotique*, a writer in which has had the patience and acumen to hunt up all the dwelling-places in Paris of the Corsican, from the half-garret which he occupied while a student at the Ecole Militaire to his Imperial lodgement, the Palace of the Tuilleries. Garrets, attics, "cubicles," and "small rooms" abound in the earlier portion of the catalogue; and they bring vividly before us the lean, long-haired, poverty-stricken officer of artillery out of employment, glad to earn a few francs by copying maps for the War Department, or to sponge for a dinner on the actor Talma, and who was unable to accept a post in the army of an Oriental potentate for lack of a pair of new boots.

One never grows tired of personal details, even to the minutest, of the lives and adventures of Napoleon, and, indeed, of all the Buonapartes. What an interesting little book, for example, might be written called "Old Clothes": being an account of the garments worn at different periods by Napoleon Buonaparte, some time Sub-Lieutenant in the Regiment of La Fère, and afterwards Emperor of the French and King of Italy! The straight-cut coat, stand-up collar, powdered and pomatum hair of the student of Brienne and the Ecole Militaire; the Lieutenant, the Captain, the Colonel, the General's garb, never complete without top-boots, a plumed hat, and an immense tri-coloured sash, of the Revolutionary epoch; the red velvet coat, embroidered with gold, of the Consulate; the Imperial Coronation robes, designed by Talma; the green uniform of the Chasseurs of the Guard; the grey great-coat and little cocked hat of Austerlitz; the furred pelisse of Moscow; the short velvet cloak, silk tights, and *chapeau à la Henri Quatre* of the Champ de Mai, 1815—ay, and the shabby nankeen suit and broad-brimmed straw hat of Longwood. What a book! To be copiously illustrated, of course—say, by Mr. Caton Woodville. But who should draw up such a delightful little *compte-rendu*? I am too old, too sick, and too busy. The Honourable Lewis Wingfield could accomplish the task admirably; but he was last heard of, I believe, riding in a wind-sail cart across the Desert of Gobi, subsequent to dancing a saraband on the Great Wall of China. Would Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry oblige? He is deeply learned in the Fashions, past and present, and can discourse humorously and graphically on all kinds of garments.

The last taste which I have enjoyed of Mr. Ashby-Sterry's

quality is in the highly entertaining "English Notes" which he has contributed to the September number of the New York "Book-Buyer": a monthly summary of American, English, and foreign literature, published by Messrs. Scribner. The "Book-Buyer" is full of interesting information and tastefully illustrated; and the current number contains a capital portrait of the well-known American humourist, Don Mitchell.

How "authorities" do differ, to be sure! One "authority" tells me the married name of Miss Eliza Balcombe was Abel; another that it was Abdy; another that it was Abell; while a fourth (a lady) labours under the delusion that I wish to see the book, and graciously offers to lend it to me. Kind Madam, I have the opuscule at home, bound in the Imperial green, stamped with the Imperial crown, the eagles, and the "N." and powdered with the Imperial bees, even as I have all my Bonaparte books bound. But being far from the shelf where that particular volume reposes, failing memory made me unable to recollect with exactitude the name of the authoress of "Napoleon at St. Helena." Ere long I shall have exhausted the delights of Folkestone, and shall be able to hunt up Mrs. Abell's charming little tome.

Not that those delights have by any means begun to pall upon me: only it has been a little gusty lately on the Lees, and the gourmands of sunshine have been a little stinted in their rations of warmth and radiance; and the neighbourhood of chill October is being every day more uncomfortably felt. Still, the Promenade Concerts at the West-Cliff Hotel are as brilliant and tuneful as ever; and the courteous proprietor, Mr. Wedderburn, has been memorialised by the most influential denizens of Folkestone, including his Worship the Mayor and the Oldest Inhabitant, requesting him to continue the concerts in question. I have had fly-drives to Saltwood Castle and to Dover; and finally, I have been wheeled time and again to the National Art Treasures Exhibition, there to renew delightful acquaintance with many dear old pictorial friends, especially Mr. Frith's "Claude Duval Dancing a Minuet with a Lady of Quality," Mr. Niemann's "Greenwich Hospital," David Robert's "Cathedral of San Lorenzo," Sir John Gilbert's "Burial of John Knox," Mr. Val Prinsep's "Flight of Jane Shore," and Mulready's exquisite "Travelling Druggist." Among the modern pictures, I found no daubs; among the Old Masters, no forgeries, and more than one real masterpiece.

In the black-and-white exhibits, I must specially take note of a large pen-and-ink drawing, the production of a very young lady artist, self-taught—Miss Edney. The drawing is called "Illustrations of the Poets." A number of small medallions, each illustrating some poetical passage, and enshrined in decorative foliage and ornamental writing, surround a central lunette wherein are grouped the Three Graces, most decorously draped. The charm of Miss Edney's work is, first, in the tastefulness of the design, and next, in the astonishing minuteness of the details. The young lady, when she has gone through a thorough course of training in drawing the human figure, draped and undraped, should set her hand to etching.

I cull the following engaging passage from the correspondence of the *St. James's Gazette*:

A working man was returning home through the streets from his labour. Passing a shop window, he saw a picture of Mr. Gladstone. He paused, looked at it attentively, felt in his pockets, and entered the shop. Presently he reappeared with the picture in his hands. But not to take it home; not to hang it up for adoration as the likeness of the great working man's friend, and so forth. On getting outside the shop door he threw the picture on the pavement and trampled it to pieces.

Having lived for some years in the Colonies, I can vouch that her Majesty has no more devoted and loyal subjects than those dwelling in Australasia. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, ANTIPODEAN. I thoroughly believe in the truth of this disgraceful story: although, in all likelihood, the working man who thus gratified his ignorant spleen knew scarcely anything about Mr. Gladstone's political career, and had taken more colonial beer (vile stuff it is) than was good for him. The worst of the matter is that I can personally vouch for the unpopularity of the ex-Premier throughout the Australasian colonies and even in the United States. Between January and December, 1885, I lectured one hundred and forty-five times in the States and at the Antipodes; and almost every evening I had to cite the name either of Lord Beaconsfield or of Mr. Gladstone. I found to my astonishment that in these ultra-democratic communities the name of the Tory statesman was always received with uproarious applause, while the mention of the Liberal politician never failed to elicit a conflict of opinion, in which cheers were mingled with groans. And all this, mind you, was long before Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule.

A wag has written to the *Times* commenting on Sir George Campbell's assertion in the House of Commons that nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of a thousand can see no merit in such pictures as the *Ansidei Rafaelle* or the *Blenheim Vandyc*, and founding a suggestion upon the perhaps melancholy fact. The wag proposes that under each picture of sufficient importance should be placed a short descriptive account, illustrating its subject and drawing attention to anything worthy of note in the painting or composition.

I would supplement the suggestion. I propose that the attendants should supply visitors, for the small sum of one penny per head, with neatly cut pieces of chalk, with which they should be allowed to inscribe, on a large blackboard kept for the purpose in each gallery, their opinions of the works of art which they have inspected. The idea is not an original one. I never originated anything. The chalk and blackboard system was first adopted, I believe, by one Apelles, a Greek, and long afterwards by a Belgian painter, named Wirtz, in his studio, at Brussels.

So far as can be gathered from a recent curt utterance of the Home Secretary in Parliament, the Government does not, at present, see its way to adopting any measures restricting the use, or rather abuse, by unauthorised persons of that infernal weapon the revolver. Our rulers might be advised to study, during the recess, a file of Paris newspapers. They would find, day after day, cases of cooks, hairdressers, café-waiters, and counter-jumpers saluting their lady-loves with the contents of six-shooters, and of lady-loves caressing the adored ones of their hearts with ball-cartridge. When the revolver items are scarce, sweet little stories about vitriol throwing come in.

## VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN NEW ZEALAND.

We have received from Mr. Charles Spencer, chemist and photographer, of Tauranga, New Zealand, the photographic views taken by him on July 28, which are reproduced on our front page, showing the actual effects of the tremendous volcanic eruption at Mount Tarawera, on the night of June 9; but it will be remembered that our publication of Aug. 2 contained Sketches of the eruption, made during its progress, by Mr. A. J. Vogan, with the craters and mud-geysers in violent operation. The official reports of Dr. Hector, F.R.S., Director of the Geological Survey of New Zealand, whom Mr. Spencer accompanied as official photographer, and of Mr. S. Percy Smith, Assistant Surveyor-General, supply the most precise and authentic information concerning those wonderful effects of volcanic force. Some particulars of their reports furnished to the New Zealand Government are here presented to our readers. It is only necessary to observe, as before, that these outbreaks and subterranean disturbances are confined to the Hot Springs and Lakes district of the North Island, between Lake Taupo and the Bay of Plenty, a region far distant from the colonial settlements, none of which are likely ever to be in the slightest danger from any such cause.

The focus of the eruption was ascertained to be in a line extending seven and ten miles, with different intensity, in the direction of north-east to south-west, from the Tarawera mountain range to Lake Okaro. The Tarawera range has three summits—Wahanga, Ruawahia, and Mount Tarawera, 3600 ft. high. The eruption began, a few minutes past two in the morning, at the top of Wahanga; next, at the top of Ruawahia, the middle peak, two or three craters opening at each place; lastly, after a short interval, came a terrific explosion from a crater suddenly opened in the south side of Mount Tarawera. This was the commencement of an immense rift in the earth, 500 ft. wide, and probably not much less in depth, extending down the lower declivity, south-west, to Lake Rotomahana, which lay, with its celebrated White Terrace of silicious deposit, about three miles from the foot of the mountain. The rift was, Dr. Hector says, "not a slip from the mountain side, but a ragged rocky chasm, as if a portion of the mountain," 2000 ft. long, 500 ft. wide, and from 500 ft. to 200 ft. deep, "had been blown out." During nearly two hours the enormous chasm thus described was casting up vast quantities of hot stones and pumice-dust, with huge clouds of steam, illuminated by flashes of lightning. There was no molten lava; but some of the pieces of rock thrown up are believed to have fallen to the ground in a partially incandescent state of heat. Lake Rotomahana, which was not quite a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, and rather shallow, was immediately converted into a boiling pool. It sent up a pillar of steam, rising to the height of 12,000 ft., and having a diameter of about one-eighth of a mile; which remained visible many days, and could be seen from the hills in Taranaki, a hundred and fifty miles distant. The rising of this cloud at Rotomahana, about four o'clock in the morning, was accompanied by a shock resembling earthquake in the adjacent plain, which is undermined by hot springs; and numerous mud-geysers were formed to the south of the lake, along the west side of the line of fissure, to near Lake Okaro. One mud-geyser, springing from comparatively high ground, and ejecting its contents obliquely, has gradually built up a conical mound, already several hundred feet high, to which the name of Mount Haszard has been given, to commemorate, we suppose, the death of Mr. Haszard, the schoolmaster at Wairoa.

The explanation of the immense deposit of mud at Wairoa, in the valley on the west side of Lake Tarawera, in a direction quite different from that of the apparent volcanic action, is not so readily obvious. Between Wairoa and Rotomahana is a tract of dry sand, four or five miles wide, which could not have been overleaped by the mud thrown up from the bottom of the lake or from the geysers. Dr. Hector is of opinion that the great cloud of mixed pumice-dust and vapour, which at its first rising was carried by a south-east wind towards Rotorua, was condensed by suddenly meeting the cold south-west wind, that blew it more directly northward to the sea-coast. Being thus condensed, it seems to have dropped a heavy deposit of moist pumice-sand, or mud, which smothered the Maori village of Wairoa, destroying above a hundred lives of the inhabitants. It is a mercy that the appalling cloud, with the vast mass of semi-fluid matter that it carried over the country, did not reach Ohinemutu, the bathing establishment on the south shore of Lake Rotorua, where its approach was watched with great terror. Ohinemutu lies, in a straight line, about sixteen miles from the focus of volcanic action.

The shores of Lake Rotomahana have not yet been minutely examined; but we believe there is no doubt that both the White Terrace, Te Tarata, and the Pink Terraces, Otukapurangi, which were the most beautiful objects of their kind, have entirely disappeared. The dense steam that still hangs over their site, with the impossibility of close approach, forbade Mr. Percy Smith to ascertain their fate. "If not there," he says, "they are either buried deep under the stones and sand, or have sunk into the main crater. The Pink Terraces were in such a situation as to be at least a quarter of a mile within the margin of the present crater. The spot where the White Terrace once was is now, I believe, occupied by a crater forming a sort of horse-shoe bay in the general crater of Rotomahana. Occasional breaks in the dense veil of steam allow of momentary glances into the crater, but for no great distance, and the sight disclosed is one of horror. A dim brownish twilight, making everything of a hideous hue, enables one to see a dreadful mass of boiling or boiled mud, black or brown in colour, with seething pools of steaming water or liquid mud, sometimes cast up into fumaroles ejecting steam, at others vomiting forth stones and mud, with a noise like the roar of innumerable steam-engines. From time to time, the more active vents along the margin, after a prolonged roar, or a sharper detonation like that of cannon, shoot forth large bodies of stone, sand, and mud, high into the air; the surface of the sand-and-ash-covered hills around the margin is dotted over with fragments of stone ejected from the crater." Our readers may compare this dismal description of the existing condition of Lake Rotomahana with the brilliant word-pictures of literary travellers who have tried to give an idea of its former beauties. Mr. Froude, in his "Oceana," though he saw hardly anything else of New Zealand, Miss Gordon Cumming, and Mr. J. Kerrich Nicholls, in "The King Country," did their best with the Pink and White Terraces. Visitors to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition should not omit to look at Miss Gordon Cumming's fine water-colour drawings, one of which we have been permitted to copy, and at a series of small oil-paintings, by Mr. Charles Bloomfield, of Auckland, in the upper gallery of the Royal Albert Hall. These finished pictures of famous scenes that will never again be beheld in reality ought to be valuable in future years; and the prices modestly asked by colonial artists seem to us extremely low.

As an instance of the enormous fruit crop in Kent this year, it is mentioned that, according to ascertained results, on one fruit farm at Sutton Valence 110 acres produced 130,000 bushels of fruit of various kinds.

## THE COURT.

According to present arrangements, the Queen is expected to reside at Balmoral till about the beginning of November. Her Majesty held a Council at Balmoral at noon yesterday week to sanction the Royal Speech on the prorogation of Parliament, and to give her sign manual to the appointment of the various Royal Commissions. Previous to the Council, Viscount Cross had an audience of the Queen; and after the Council the Right Hon. Robert Bourke kissed hands on appointment as Governor of the Madras Presidency. Her Majesty went out with Princess Beatrice in the morning; and in the afternoon drove to Birkhall with the Princess, and visited her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany. Last Saturday the Hon. C. R. Spencer, M.P., had luncheon at the castle, and was afterwards received by her Majesty. In the afternoon the Queen drove with Princess Beatrice, attended by Lady Churchill, to Braemar. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Princess Louise of Wales dined with the Queen. Divine service was conducted at the castle on Sunday morning by the Rev. James Macgregor, D.D., of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, one of her Majesty's Chaplains, in the presence of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the Royal household. The Duchess of Albany visited her Majesty after attending Divine service at Crathie, and stopped to luncheon. Prince Henry of Battenberg returned from Darmstadt, where he had been visiting his brother, Prince Alexander, and was met by Princess Beatrice at Ballater station. The Grand Duke of Hesse and his third daughter, Princess Irene, arrived on Monday at Balmoral, having left Darmstadt for Flushing early on Friday morning. They broke the journey by staying for thirty-six hours at Buckingham Palace. They are to remain at Balmoral for three weeks, on a visit to the Queen. Her Majesty was represented at the funeral of Lord Dalkeith by Lord Elphinstone. A wreath from the Queen and a floral cross from the Prince of Wales were suspended, with others, along the walls.

The Prince of Wales on Monday left Aberceldie Castle for Mar Lodge, to spend a few days in deerstalking with Lord Fife and party. The Prince, in a letter to Earl Cadogan, chairman of a committee which had been formed to collect funds for a testimonial to his Royal Highness as President of the Exhibition, expresses his grateful appreciation of the proposed compliment, but intimates that he cannot accept any personal present. He suggests, however, that the funds collected should be applied in aid of the Imperial Institution for the Colonies and India, by the establishment of which it is intended to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee; and the committee have passed a resolution acquiescing in this suggestion.

The Duke of Edinburgh and Prince George of Wales, after being hospitably entertained by the Sultan, left Constantinople last Saturday to rejoin the British squadron. The Duke and Prince were received by the Sultan with great state and ceremony on the previous Thursday afternoon. The Duke was decorated by his Majesty with the star of the order of Osmanie, and Prince George of Wales received the cordon of the same order. A grand fete was given at the British Embassy on Friday.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught landed at Bombay on Monday evening. A grand reception had been prepared for them, and the day was observed as a public holiday.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, has arrived at Coburg.

Prince Christian arrived last Saturday at Othmarschen, near Hamburg, on a visit to Baroness Schröder, who is ninety-two years of age.

The Queen has granted the dignity of an Earl of the United Kingdom to Cornwallis, Viscount Hawarden, in the Peerage of Ireland, by the name, style, and title of Earl De Montalt, of Dundrum, in the county of Tipperary.

The Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry visited the National Board's Central Model Schools, Dublin, on Monday, and were received by the Commissioners of Education, including Chief Justice Sir Michael Morris, the Provost of Trinity College, Sir Patrick Kenan, and Sir John Lataigne. The Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Londonderry and a numerous suite attended Her Majesty's Opera on Friday, last week, at Dublin, when "Faust" was performed to a crowded and enthusiastic audience. The National Anthem was performed on their Excellencies entering the Viceregal box. Everyone in the theatre rose and cheered for several minutes.

The Earl of Rosebery has been presented with the freedom of the Burgh of Linlithgow, in recognition of his public services, especially those relating to Scotland.

The marriage of Viscount Stopford, eldest son of the Earl of Courtown, with Gertrude, eldest daughter of General and Mrs. Charles Mills, was solemnized last Saturday afternoon in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, in the presence of numerous relatives and friends. Lord Stopford was attended by his brother, the Hon. Edward Stopford, as best man; and the six bridesmaids were Miss Edith Mills (sister), and Miss Margaret Whitbread, Lady Maud Clements, and the Hon. Lilian Strutt, cousins of the bride, and Miss Ernestine and Miss Maud Shelley, nieces of the bridegroom. The service was fully choral. General Mills gave away his daughter.

## "SISTER MARY" AT THE COMEDY.

Remarkable for one of the most powerful emotional situations seen on the London stage for some years, the effective play of "Sister Mary" deservedly draws good audiences at the Comedy Theatre. This supremely strong dramatic scene, which occurs in the penultimate act, is developed with masterly skill by the authors, Mr. Clement Scott and Mr. Wilson Barrett, and acted with sympathetic force by Miss Lingard as the heroine, Miss Mary Lisle, and by Mr. Leonard Boyne as Captain Leigh. The episode occupies the most prominent place in the Illustration of "Sister Mary." Mary Lisle, having by gentle sympathy effected a reformation in the character of the young officer, and won his heart, is led to return his affection. The wedding day reached, Mary Lisle makes one of the handsomest of brides; but the church bells peal forth merrily amid an agony of grief, when the chance visit of Rose Reade and her little son to Mary Lisle brings to light the fact that Captain Leigh is the father of the boy, and deserted Rose years ago. The bride tears the orange-blossoms and veil from herself in horror, and indignantly refuses to listen to the impassioned supplication of Captain Leigh to condone his early fault. Mary Lisle takes a noble revenge. She befriends Rose Reade (very sweetly impersonated by pretty Miss Maggie Hunt), and adopts the child. In our notice of the successful production of "Sister Mary" at the Comedy, we related how the piece has a tragic, yet in one respect happy, ending in the British Camp before Majuba Hill. It must suffice to add here that the "Sister Mary" of Miss Lingard and Captain Leigh of Mr. Leonard Boyne are among their cleverest assumptions; that Miss Maggie Hunt has never acted more charmingly than as Rose Reade; and that the various other characters delineated afford due relief to the serious portion of this interesting play.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Apart from "Dorothy," the bright and tuneful old English play that has appropriately started the management at the Gaiety, and which is reviewed elsewhere, our last theatrical Saturday was taken up in renewing acquaintance with several old friends.

The return of "Jim, the Penman," to the Haymarket was inevitable, and many considered it a risky stroke of managerial policy ever to have interrupted the run at all for the holidays. It is no very difficult matter to continue the run of a play during the summer weather, and still to contrive that everyone by turn shall get a rest. I remember when Mr. Bancroft managed the old Prince of Wales' Theatre he did not dream of stopping "Diplomacy," for when the London playgoers go out the country playgoers come in. However, not much harm has been done to "Jim" during the interval, except an unfortunate change of cast, that affects several important characters and materially jeopardises the fortunes of the play. The gain of Mr. Willard for the hero of this strange and well-devised romance is very great and important. He is one of the most thorough and sound of our rising actors. He stands out boldly as the central figure of the weird society picture, and we trace the mental agony of the bad man hunted down on his interesting countenance. But Mr. Willard never does too much. He does not attempt to force the character into a prominence that the dramatist's method does not permit. Jim, the Penman, has few fine scenes and scant acting opportunities. He has to play a waiting game, and, paradoxical as it may appear, though the leading character, it is, in a certain sense, the least prominent. The face has to express more than the voice. We have to find out what the gentlemanly forger is thinking about by his features rather than his words, and, on this account, it is a great gain to the play to get Jim played by an actor who puts so much stress on the value of facial expression and is convinced of the advantage of restraint. It is this very lack of restraint, this inability to repress a prodigality of invention, that makes the Baron Hartfield of Mr. Beerbohm-Tree so discordant in many scenes of the play. True, he makes his audience laugh, but that is not always the best test of a work of art. What is the use of setting the stage with chairs and tables, and lamps and furniture, such as one finds in modern drawing-rooms, and introducing to Mrs. Ralston's salon the Lady Dunscombe, the fashionable doctors, the leading barristers, and the mixed throng, exactly as we should find them in the Regent's Park of to-day, when the whole scene is suddenly to be put out of drawing by the appearance of a man got up like an eccentric scarecrow, and who by his manner and demeanour would be the laughing-stock of any fashionable assembly? As I take it—I may be wrong—the author intended Baron Hartfield to deceive Ralston's friends, to be taken for what he is not; but scarcely to appear with his description placarded on his back—"I am a German swindler, of the Hebrew persuasion, coarse in speech, and shabby in appearance, whose presence here is an insult to all the assembled guests." It is the manner of the Baron that should disgust Mrs. Ralston, not his orange hair and hooked nose. He is the kind of man who, when he appears in society, excites suspicion and creates distrust. But he should have the outside polish and appearance of a gentleman. It is gravely to be feared that Mr. Tree adopted this reading because M. Marius played it in a different way. But there was really only one way to play the man, whether he was made a French or a German adventurer. It was essentially necessary that he should conceal his real character, not gratuitously advertise it. The loss of Mr. Brookfield as Captain Redwood is very great. Scene after scene depends upon the military detective, but, unfortunately, Mr. Garthorne does not understand what manner of man the Captain is. He is as different from Mr. Kendal's Captain Crichton in "Impulse" as chalk is from cheese. Lady Monckton returns, bright and earnest, to the character of Mrs. Ralston, that she created, and makes her old fine effect in the scene of silence, when her eyes are opened to her husband's iniquity. The scales fall from the wife's eyes, and she is convinced. The small character of Lady Dunscombe could not be better played than by Miss Henrietta Lindley, and the play appears to create as much interest as ever.

Mr. Charles Wyndham has revived "Wild Oats" at the Criterion, and reappears as Rover, to the delight of his many admirers. Aided by charming and sympathetic Miss Mary Moore, by cheery David James, unctuous Mr. Blakely, merry Mr. Righton, and comical Mr. Giddens, the old play goes as well as ever, and we see here the value of a compact, clever company, well rehearsed.

The next venture is to be "David Garrick," the play that first put heart and spirit into Tom Robertson. I was a little behind the scenes in those days, and was an eye-witness to much of this gifted fellow's despair. "Society" had been refused at the Haymarket—luckily for Robertson, for it would not have run a week at Buckstone's theatre. Robertson, with all the eagerness of a dramatist in him, was sick of translating French dramas for Mr. Lacy, in the Strand, when suddenly, to his delight, Sothern read and accepted "David Garrick." This put heart and life into the man; the play was successful; Robertson's name was talked about, and then it was that his friends and managers thought they might turn their attention to "poor Tom's" plays. If Sothern had not accepted "David Garrick," I don't believe we should ever have heard of Robertson on the stage. For, at that time, the man's proud heart was nearly broken. And I remember well how charmingly Robertson's play was acted by Sothern and Nelly Moore. For once, in the scene in the last act, Sothern, the comic actor, was really pathetic. Why should not Wyndham, the rattling comedian, be pathetic, too?—for he has a gentle and very pretty aid in another Miss Moore—Mary this time, not Nelly!

Let the ladies and many admirers of beauty take heart. It is rumoured, not without foundation, that Miss Mary Anderson is to reappear in London early next year, and before Mr. Irving departs for America with "Faust." But that is looking far ahead, is it not? Next Monday, the Prince of Wales' Theatre (late the Prince's), in Coventry street, is to open with opera, having hitherto been devoted to drama. How these changes of names and characters of playhouses must puzzle the Londoners and the cabmen! The Comedy rejects opera and takes to drama; the Prince's discards drama, and takes to opera. However, we are to see "La Bearnaise" at the Prince of Wales', and, much to the delight of everybody, Miss Florence St. John is the star. On the same evening, the German Reed company begins its autumn campaign with Mr. Comyns Carr's delightful little play; and Mr. Corney Grain, fresh from the cure at Aix-les-Bains, will be once more at the piano, to tell us about "Henley Regatta." We must wait for October for Mr. Pinero's new play, and the return of the St. James's company, which will have a new recruit in Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, a very intelligent actress, who is not seen often enough in London, and whose performances in "The Millionaire" and "Engaged" cannot have been forgotten.

C. S.

At the annual sale of the Belhus hunters, thirty lots realised 3190 guineas.

# SISTER MARY

AT THE  
COMEDY



"I suppose I couldn't ask to see the Bride sir?"



Capt. Walter Leigh  
Mr. Leonard Boyne

Miss Mary Hale  
(Sister Mary) Miss Lingard

This may be woman's justice  
Act III — it is not merciful to man"

Harry Read  
Miss Ruby Maud  
Rose Read  
Miss Jessie Hart





DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

The men went through the house, and presently returned, bringing four or five prisoners.

"THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN." By WALTER BESANT.

## THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "DOROTHY FORSTER,"  
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "CHILDREN OF GIBRAN," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## A RUDE AWAKENING.

About six o'clock in the morning, when, at this time of year, it is already daylight, there marched down the High-street of Wapping a company seen there often enough in the evening, when they are expected and men are prepared for them, but seldom so early. Who, indeed, expects a Pressgang at day-break? The party consisted of a dozen sailors, armed each with a short cudgel, and a Lieutenant in command, with a drawn cutlass. With the officer walked a tall man, young, barcheaded, and strangely attired in a ragged knitted waist-coat, tattered breeches tied up with string and loose at the knees, and yet with white silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles, and, on one side only, powdered hair. The streets at this time are already full of those who are hastening to the day's work; most of the houses are open, and the maids are at the doors twirling their mops, or at the windows throwing open the shutters; or, in the more genteel houses, they are plastering the door-steps with yellow ochre.

'Twas, indeed, the Pressgang, more dreaded than revenue officers or Bow-street runners, and its appearance at this early hour caused everywhere the liveliest curiosity and the greatest consternation. Those who met them either stopped still to look after them, their faces full of apprehension, or they ran into open houses, or they fled without a word, or they turned into a side street or court, for fear of being taken for sailors. Many of those who fled were landsmen, and honest mechanics, because, when the Press is hot, it does not always respect landsmen, although the law is peremptory against taking any but sailors. This company, however, paid no heed to any, whether they ran or whether they stood, marching along without attempting to seize them, though some of the men were Thames watermen, and others were lightermen, and some dockmen, and others mere river pirates and plunderers, or, as they call them, receivers, copermen, rat-catchers, coopers, mudlarks, light horsemen and lumpers, all of whom have been held to be sailors within the meaning of the Act.

Presently the man in rags, who seemed to be leading the party, stopped, and looked about him.

"Ay," he said, "I believe this to be the house. Now, my lads, steady all; for we have 'em, neat and tidy, just as if they were so many rats caught in a bag."

As soon as the people in the street understood—this took them no long time—that the Press, out, no doubt, on some special and unusual business of the greatest importance—was actually going to visit the crimp's house, probably in search of the malingeringers, deserters, or cowardly skulkers often lying there, in hope to be snug and out of the way, there was a lively curiosity. For skulkers these people entertain a mingled curiosity and contempt—the former on account of their cunning at disguise and hiding, and the latter because, the sea being their trade, they will not bravely follow it. The workman, no longer fearful of his own safety, stopped to look on, his tools in his bag, careless if he should be late at his shop; the waterman, who, at first sight of the party, trembled for himself, stopped on his way to the Stairs where he plied, though he might thereby lose an early fare, and stood curious to see what might happen, blowing into his fingers to keep them warm; the maids came out from the house-doors and stood around, mop in hand, expressing at first their opinions of the Press, without any fear of the Lieutenant, or respect to authority—there are certainly no such enemies of good government as the women. But, when these honest girls found that the Press was not come to carry off their lovers, but in order to visit the house about which there was so much mystery, and concerning which there were told so many stories, they stopped their abuse and waited to see what would come of it. Within those barred windows strange things were carried on. Terrible stories are told of crimps' houses. Fearful sounds had been heard proceeding from this house; shrieks and cries for mercy, and the trampling of feet! Sometimes there was singing, with laughter, and the noise of men making merry over drink; sometimes there were loud quarrels, with the noise of fighting. Those who entered this house were generally carried in; those who came out were generally carried out. It was said that sometimes those who were carried out were not drunk, but dead; and that they were not put into the boat to be shipped on board an East Indiaman, but to be dropped into the river at mid-stream, with a stone tied to their feet. Therefore, the crowd, which increased every moment, looked on with satisfaction. They might now be enabled to see, for themselves, what manner of house this was.

"I think, Sir," said Jack to the Lieutenant in command, "that if you would leave two men at the door, we can with the remainder very easily dispose of the rogues in the house, whether they are awake or asleep."

The house was not astir yet; the door was not yet opened; the shutters of the ground-floor windows were not yet thrown back. It looked, in the broad daylight, a dirty, disgraceful den; the doors and shutters black with dirt and want of paint; the windows of the upper storeys seemed as if they had never been cleaned since they had first been put up, and some of the panes of glass were broken.

"If they are awake, they will fight," said Jack. "But they have no pistols, so far as I could see."

The door yielded to a push. The Parson had, therefore, left the door as if Jack had escaped by unlocking and unlatching it.

Jack led the way up-stairs, and threw open the door of the room in which he had so nearly met a horrid and violent death. Behold! All the men were lying just as they had fallen, some on their faces, some on their backs, their mouths open, and breathing heavily. The fire was out, and the air of the place was horribly close and ill-smelling.

"Here they are," said Jack, as the Lieutenant followed him. "Saw one ever lustier rogues? Here is a haul for you."

"They are dressed like sailors," said the Lieutenant, looking at them with curiosity and misgiving. "But I doubt it. I have never known crimps' men to be sailors. Mostly this sort are riverside rogues, and to take them on board would only be to put into the fo'k'sle so many past-masters in all villainy."

"That is true," Jack replied, "and I doubt they will want continual smarten'g from the bo's'n: and such mutinous dogs that they will at first spend half their time in the triangles. Yet, if you refuse them I must needs have them hanged; and this I am not, I confess, willing to do, because there is one other who must then hang with them. And I would not, if I could avoid it, compass his death."

"Then I will press them," said the Lieutenant, making up his mind. "Ready with the handcuffs! Stand by! Handcuff every man!"

The sailors pulled them up one after the other, waking them with kicks and cuffs, and made each man safe. Thus,

shaken violently out of their sleep, they stood gazing stupidly at each other, still only half awake, and not knowing what had befallen them, or where they were, or anything at all.

"Bring them down-stairs, and into the open," the Lieutenant commanded. "Rouse up every one of them with the pump. Now for the rest of the house."

"I believe there are no other sailors here," said Jack; "only two or three poor devils in hiding till they can be shipped for the East Indies."

The men went through the house, and presently returned, bringing four or five prisoners—namely, the recruits of the Company. A most valuable addition they would have made to the Service, truly, for a more scarecrow, terrified crew could not be found anywhere. As for the 'prentice, a white-faced puny wretch, who had robbed his master's till, at the sight of the officer with a drawn sword, and the men, their faces fierce and unrelenting, standing around, he immediately imagined that they were all come for his own arrest, and that this was the first step towards Newgate and the gallows. Wherefore he fell upon his knees blubbering.

"Alas!" he cried. "I am a miserable sinner! I confess all. I have robbed my master. Oh! let me have mercy. Let me live, and I will pay all back! Only let me live!" And so on, as if the noose was already ready for him, and the rope hitched to the gallows.

The next was a sturdier rogue. He would have been hanged for coin'g false money had he been caught. But he understood that a company of sailors is not sent forth to arrest men charged with civil offences. Therefore, and in order to save his neck, he very readily volunteered, and, being a brisk, smart lad, though a rogue from childhood, and a thief, forger, coiner, and pickpocket, I daresay he turned out as good a sailor as can be expected of a landsman; and if he could not go aloft to bend or reef a sail, he could help to man a gun and carry a pike. The third man was the deserter, who represented himself as a man milliner, and was suffered to go free, because milliners are of little use on a man-o'-war; the next was a bankrupt, once a substantial tradesman, who had ruined himself with drink and vicious courses, and came voluntarily to the crimp's to be enlisted in the Company's service, in order to escape his creditors. But his face was so puffed and purple with drink, his limbs so trembled beneath him, that I doubt whether he would have lasted the voyage. There was another, whose wife was a tarmagant, and extravagant to boot, and he was flying from her and from her debts. He, too, offered to volunteer, saying that he would rather dwell with the Devil than with his wife; but the Lieutenant would not have him. And another there was who was a broken gamester, a gentleman by birth, and a physician from Glasgow University, a native of Jamaica, where he had at first a good fortune, but was now fallen from his former condition, without friends, estate, or money, and held no other hope except to take service with the Company. There were one or two others, but all of them, except the false coiner, the Lieutenant, without inquiring further into their characters or their histories, ordered to go about their business; but as for the 'prentice, who still blubbered that he was a repentant sinner, and asked permission only to live, he fetched him a box o' the ears and a kick, and bade him go his way, and be hanged.

This poor wretch, who had been torn partly with terror at the thought of going to the Indies to fight, being a desperate coward, and partly with reprobation, made haste to obey the Lieutenant, and departed, and what became of him, whether he went to his master and confessed and obtained pardon, or whether he was thrown into Newgate and hanged, or whether he fell into worse courses, I know not—"the way of transgressors," saith Holy Writ, "is hard."

There remained the Parson, who said nothing, but waited patiently for his fate.

"As for this man," said Jack, laying his hand upon his shoulder, "he is my prisoner. Leave him to me."

This, then, was Jack's revenge. He might have seen the men swing—and they deserved nothing short of hanging—but it pleased him better to think of these fat, tender-skinned, delicate, over-fed, and drunken rogues, as cowardly as they were pampered, howling under the lash, and mutinously grumbling under the discipline of a King's ship. They were mere landsmen, who had never been to sea at all, even if they had ever been on board a ship (if they had, it was only to look for something to steal). But they had lived on the riverside all their lives, and knew the talk of sailors; and they equipped themselves—a part of their trade—in slops and round jackets, the better to decoy their victims.

The men were still so stup'd with the drug they had taken that they understood nothing of what was done until they had first had their heads held under the pump for a quarter of an hour. Then they began to remember what had happened; and, seeing their late prisoner with the party of captors, they cast their looks at one another, and, like the poor 'prentice, looked for nothing short of Newgate, and for the fatal cart and the ride to Tyburn—which, indeed, for this and many other crimes, they richly deserved.

It would have gone hard with Aaron had this been the destination intended for them by their victim. Nothing is more distasteful to a rogue than to hang alone, when his brother rogues have escaped. It offends his sense of justice. Perhaps, however, the going out of the world in so violent a manner, in company with an old friend, is felt to be less cold and comfortless than to go alone. But Aaron, as well as these men, was reserved for another fate.

This business dispatched, and the men, now fully awake, drawn up two and two in readiness to march, Jack addressed them with great courtesy, though the sailors of the Press grinned and put tongue in cheek.

"Gentlemen," he said, "last night your honours were good enough to offer me the hospitality of your house; you also debated very seriously whether you should not murder me; that you did not do so is the cause why your honours are now handcuffed. You will go with these honest sailors, and you will thank me henceforth every day of your lives for my goodness in getting you impressed. Such brave lads as you will rejoice to run up aloft in a gale of wind; and the enemy's shot you will value no more than a waterman's jest. You are so smart that the bo's'n's supple-jack will never curl about your shoulders, nor his rope's-end make your fat legs jump. As to drink, I fear there has been more punch served out in this house than is good for your health; that is better ordered aboard. And it will do your honours good to see each other made fast to the triangles while the cat-o'-nine-tails sweetly tickles his fat back. Perhaps you freshwater sailors know not the tickling of the cat. Gentlemen, you have a truly happy life before you: I wish your honours farewell."

It was the first speech Jack ever made. If it was not eloquent, it was to the point, and intelligible.

I do not think that the fellows understood one word of what he said, being fully possessed with the belief that they were going to Newgate and afterwards to be hanged. And when they presently found themselves taken on board the tender and shoved below deck, and understood that they were pressed for sailors, at first they grinned with joy. One who is

threatened with death counts escape on any conditions, ever the hardest, a thing to be welcomed with joy unspeakable. But when they discovered, after a few days' experience on board, what was meant by service at sea—a life of little ease, hard work and short time for sleep, and rough food, with the kicks and contempt which all true man-o'-war's-men show for lubbers, a limited ration of rum, and the necessity of immediate obedience, some of them fell into despair, and would skulk below till they were driven upwards by the bo's'n's supple-jack and the gunner's rattan, and these laid on in no stinted or niggard spirit. Some became mutinous and insubordinate: none of them knew anything of a seaman's duties, in spite of their sailor's dress, and were useless save for the simplest work. Therefore, it naturally came to pass that, before long, one after another, they were tied up and soundly trounced, the lash, and their dispositions cowardly, and being ignorant of discipline and respect to their officers, when prayers for pity failed, they fell to cursing the Captain and the Lieutenants, the bo's'n, and the ship's crew, shrieking and screaming like mad women. So that they stayed where they were for another six dozen, and this admonition and instruction were repeated until they were finally made to understand that a man-o'-war is not a crimp's house, nor a tavern at Wapping, where every man can call for what he chooses, sleep as long as he pleases, and take his pleasure; but a place where work has to be done, orders must be obeyed, and punishment in default is as certain as the striking of eight bells. Whether any of them ever returned I know not, but the house was broken up and their old occupation was destroyed, though no doubt other crimp's houses were soon established in their place.

When the Pressgang were gone there remained Jack, still in his rags, and the unlucky recruits.

"As for you fellows," he said, "my advice is, sheer off. This house is closed. There is no more shelter for you here. Go and hide elsewhere."

"Where shall we go?" asked the poor gamester. "Here at least we get meat and drink. Whither shall we go?"

They obeyed, however, and went out together, parting at the door and skulking away in different directions, perhaps to be picked up by another crimp.

"Brother," said Jack to the Parson, "come with me. First let me put on my own clothes, and then we will find a lodging for thee. Thou hast saved my life. Therefore, so long as I have a guinea left, thou shalt have the half."

At first the poor man refused. He burst into tears, declaring that kindness was thrown away upon a wretch so disgraced and degraded as himself; that it would be better for him to stay where he was, and to receive with resignation the evils which he had brought upon his own head. "What," he asked, "can be done for a man for whose apprehension a reward is offered and the Hue and Cry is out?"

"Hark ye, brother," Jack repeated: "thou hast saved my life. If thou wilt not come with me willingly, hang me, but I will drag thee along! What! wouldst remain alone in this den? Come, I say, and be treated for thine own good. What! There was no robbery, after all. As for the Hue and Cry, leave that to me. I will tackle the Hue and Cry, which I value not an inch of rogues' yain."

I do not know what he understood by the Hue and Cry, or how he was going to tackle it; but being always a masterful man, who would ever have his own way, he overcame the Parson's scruples, and presently had him away and safely bestowed in a tavern at Aldgate, where he engaged a room for him, and sent for a tailor, making the Parson put off his tattered cassock and his old wig, and sit in a night-cap and shirt sleeves until he was provided with clothes suitable to his profession, and a wig such as proclaimed it. Then Jack bade him rest quiet a day or two, and be careful how he stirred abroad, while he himself made inquiries into his case, and this matter of the Hue and Cry.

Now mark, if you please, the villainy of the man Jonathan Rayment. There never had been any reward offered for the arrest of this poor man at all; there was no Hue and Cry after him; the gentleman whom, in the madness of his despair, he had thought to rob had not followed and tracked him: nothing was known about him at all; and his friends were wondering where he was, and why he sent no letters to them. The story of the Hue and Cry and the reward was invented by Mr. Rayment, who was, I believe, eldest son to the Father of Lies, in order to keep the unhappy man in his power, so that he could use him as the servant (or a slave) of the house as long as he pleased; or, if he thought it would be more profitable, could ship him as a recruit at any time. And while he was persuading this contrite sinner that the whole town rang with his wickedness, no one in the world knew anything about it, and there was no reason why he should not go openly to the St. Paul's coffee-house and sit among his fellow Divines. Briefly, Jack shared, half and half, all the money he had with this poor man, who presently obtained a lectureship, and afterwards a City church, and is now, as I have already stated, a most worthy, pious, devout, learned preacher, benevolent, eloquent, and orthodox, justly beloved by all his congregation; and I dare affirm, none the worse, because in his youth he experienced the temptation of poverty, was even suffered to fall into sin, felt the pangs of remorse and shame, and endured the torments of companionship with the most devilish kind of men that dwell among us in this our town of London.

So they, too, went away, Jack being restored to his own garments, though his purse, containing four or five guineas, was not in his pocket. And now the house was empty. The crowd had broken up and gone away, but the neighbours still gathered about, talking over the strange business of the morning. Presently, they began to look in at the open door. There were no sounds or sign of occupation. Then they opened the doors of the rooms and looked curiously about them. The lower rooms were furnished with benches and tables, the wainscot walls gaping where the wood had shrunk, and the floors made brown with soot and small beer, to hide the dirt. There was a kitchen, with a pot and frying-pan and some pewter dishes, tin pannikins and some rums of food, and, which was much more to the purpose, there was a small cask of rum, three fourths full. The neighbours made haste to taste the rum provided, being curious to discover whether it was a stronger and more generous liquor than that to which they were themselves accustomed. In a few minutes the rumour of this cask spread to right and left along the street, and everybody hastened to taste the rum, and continued to taste it, until there was no more left. It was strong enough and generous enough to send them away with staggering legs and fuddled brains. Up-stairs there were bed-rooms, and in one room there were flock mattresses laid upon the floor, and in the wall there were rings and staples and chains fixed in the wall for safely securing mutinous recruits. But all the rooms were foul and filthy.

When the neighbours went out, the boys came in and took possession joyfully, with no one to check or hinder their mischief. Never before had boys such a chance. When they left the house there was not a whole pane of glass left in the windows, nor a bench, chair, or table that was not broken, nor any single thing left that could be carried away.

Next day the "Captain"—that is, the worthy dealer in curiosities, of Leman-street, Mr. Jonathan Rayment—himself walked over to Wapping, in order to inquire into the health and welfare of his recruits and their numbers: he was also anxious to know what had happened in the adventure with the King's officer.

You may understand his surprise and dismay, when he found everybody gone and everything broken. They had even torn away the wooden banisters of the stairs and ripped up the wooden steps. Nothing was left at all—not even those poor, helpless creatures, the 'prentice and the Parson. Where could they be?

He did not dare to ask. Something terrible had happened. As for himself, he hurried home to hide himself in his shop until the danger was over. A curse upon Aaron Fletcher, and in his own foolishness, in suffering his men to meddle with Aaron's private quarrels! And a good business now broken up and destroyed; for how could the house be carried on without his men?

He looked to hear an account of his men in the Gazette; how they were brought before the Lord Mayor and charged with highway robbery, and even sent to Newgate for trial. Strange! There was nothing. Nor did this worthy tradesman ever learn what had happened, for Aaron could tell him nothing, except that the Lieutenant had escaped; and he never dared venture to ask in Wapping. But he lost his servants and his recruits, and for a long time the business of crimping in those parts languished.

One thing remains to be told about this eventful day. In the evening, work being over, Aaron Fletcher was sitting alone, his pipe in his mouth, in the cottage where he lived, at the gates of his boat-building yard. He was in good spirits, because the Lieutenant was reported missing. Perhaps he was dead. It would be the best thing in the world if he was dead. What then? No one could say that he had any hand in it.

"Aaron!" cried a voice he knew; "Aaron Fletcher, open the door!"

He dropped his pipe and turned pale, and his teeth chattered. It was the Lieutenant's voice, and he thought it sounded hollow. He was dead, then, and this was his ghost come to plague him. Aaron was a man of courage, but he was not prepared to tackle a ghost.

"Aaron," the voice repeated, "open the door, or I will break it in, ye murderous villain! Open the door, I say!"

Aaron obeyed, his cheeks ashy white, and his heart in his boots.

It was no ghost, however, but the Lieutenant in the flesh, tall and gallant, and apparently none the worse for the night's adventure, who walked in, followed by Mr. Brinjes. He was arrayed in his great wig and velvet coat, in honour of the Club whither he was going. This splendour added weight to the words which followed.

"Aaron," said the Lieutenant, "or Cain, the Murderer, if you like the name better: there was, last night, a purse in my pocket containing, as near as I can remember, the sum of five guineas and a crown. Your friends have taken it from me. Give me back those five guineas and that crown."

"What friends? I know nothing about any friends or any five guineas! What mean you? I know nothing about the matter. It was not I that knocked you on the head, Lieutenant."

"Why—see—you are self-convicted and condemned! Who spoke of knocking on the head? How should you know what was done, unless you were one of them? Five guineas, Aaron, and a crown, or"—here he swore a great oath—"you go before the magistrate to-morrow with your friends the crimp's men and answer to the charge of highway robbery, and thence to Newgate. And so, in due time, to Tyburn in a comfortable cart. Five guineas, Aaron."

He held out his hand inexorably, while Aaron trembled. This man was worse than any ghost.

"Pay the money, Aaron," said Mr. Brinjes, "and thank your good fortune that you have so far got off so cheap. So far, Aaron. Not that we have done with you. Look for misfortune, friend Aaron." He said this so solemnly that it sounded like a prophecy. "Men who get crimps to rob for them and kidnap for them cannot hope to prosper. Therefore, expect misfortune. You have many irons in the fire; you can be attacked on many sides; you build boats, you run across to the French coast, you sell your smuggled lace and brandy. Misfortunes of all kinds may happen to such as you. But you must pay this money, or else you will swing; you will swing, friend Aaron; and when you have paid it do not think to escape more trouble. I say not that it will be rheumatism, or sciatica, or lumbago, all of which lay a man on his back and twist his limbs, and pinch and torture him. Perhaps—but look out for trouble."

Aaron lugged out his purse and counted five guineas, which he handed over to Jack without a word.

"What?" cried Mr. Brinjes, his eye like a red-hot coal, "the Lieutenant forgives you, and you think you are going to escape scot-free! Not so, Aaron, not so; there are many punishments for such as you. I know not yet but you must swing for this, in spite of this forgiveness. Many punishments there are. I know not, yet, what yours shall be. Come, Lieutenant, leave him to dream of Newgate."

(To be continued.)

#### THE SHERIFFS OF LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.

The inauguration of the London and Middlesex Sheriffs took place on Tuesday last, at the Guildhall, with the traditional observances. Before the ceremony the Sheriffs-Elect, Mr. Alderman H. A. Isaacs and Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Kirby, J.P., held a reception at the Albion, where they subsequently gave a breakfast to a distinguished circle of friends and members of the Corporation. The toasts of the Houses of Lords and Commons were replied to by the Earl of Donoughmore, Lord Denman, and Mr. Lionel Cohen, M.P. Other toasts, including the Lord Mayor and Corporation, were responded to by Sir Robert Carden and the late Sheriffs, Mr. Alderman Evans and Mr. Thomas Clarke. This sumptuous breakfast was served with the excellence for which the Albion is famous.

The late Sheriffs entered upon their office at the close of the second Mayoralty of Sir R. N. Fowler, Bart., M.P., but it is the present Lord Mayor, John Staples, Esq., F.S.A., with whom their names will be more particularly associated. Their duties were peculiarly onerous: no less than 103 days were occupied by sittings of the Central Criminal Court, and during their term of office the unprecedented event of a second general election occurred. Their year was also remarkable as comprising a portion of the year of jubilee of her Majesty's reign, and of the gathering together in London of representatives from all our colonies. The magnificent reception given to these visitors at the Guildhall will never be forgotten. The most important of the Royal visits to the City was that of the Prince of Wales, who, on behalf of the Queen, laid the first stone of the Tower Bridge. Both Mr. Alderman Evans and Mr. T. Clarke upheld all the ancient traditions of the City, and were most active in all good works. It is understood that Mr. T. Clarke will attach himself more closely to civic institutions, and Mr. Alderman Evans has been unanimously appointed master of the Morden Hunt.

#### THE LATE MR. T. WEBSTER, R.A.

This well-known artist, whose Portrait we give, died on the 23rd ult., at Cranbrook, Kent, in his eighty-seventh year. He was born in Ranelagh-street, Pimlico, on March 20, 1800, his father holding at that time a subordinate office in the King's (George III.) household. In early life he showed a decided musical taste, and his father was able to obtain a place for him among the Windsor choristers, where he remained until the King's death, in 1820. In the following year he persuaded his father to allow him to abandon music for painting; he then entered the Royal Academy Schools, and in 1823 exhibited for the first time, sending a portrait group. In 1825 he gained the first prize for painting, the same year in which he exhibited his first imaginative work, "Rebels Shooting a Prisoner," a scene of school life, and the forerunner of numerous works drawn from the same source. Among his works exhibited previous to 1840, the most important were "The Gunpowder Plot," "A Foraging Party Roused," "The Boy with Many Friends," "The Sick Child," and "Going to and Coming from School." In 1840, the year of his election as an Associate, he produced the two pictures which are probably still more widely known, "The Smile" and "The Frown"—both scenes of village school life. "Punch," however, which was painted in the following year, displays in a higher degree his powers and resources; and is, as Thackeray describes it, "full of sunshine and innocent playful good-humour." Webster, moreover, was by no means unsuccessful as a portrait-painter; but he seems to have cared little to paint portraits outside his own family. In 1842, he exhibited at the Royal Academy the portraits of his father and mother, painted to celebrate their golden wedding; and one of his last works was a portrait of himself, which was exhibited at Burlington House in 1878, two years after his withdrawal to the rank of Honorary Academician. He had enjoyed the full honours during thirty years (1846-1876), and in that period had worked with no small success to maintain the representation of English everyday life, as seen from its sunny side, which Wilkie, Collins, Mulready, and the elder Leslie had raised to so high a level. Among his principal works exhibited since 1840 may be mentioned "Sickness and Health" (1843), now at South Kensington, "The Dame's School" (1845), "The Village Choir" (1847), "A Rubber at Whist" (1848), "A See-Saw" and "A Slide" (1849), "A School Playground" (1852), "A Race" (1855), "Hide-and-Seek" (1856), "Sunday Evening" and "A Grace Before Meat" (1858), "Autumn" and "Winter" (1860). Both the Vernon and Sheepshanks collections contained specimens of Webster's works, and the nation through these bequests possesses eight very admirable specimens of a style which for correctness of drawing, harmonious colouring, and simplicity of purpose leave nothing to be desired, whilst their popularity is attested by the crowds who gather round his works at the South Kensington Galleries.

The Portrait of the late Earl of Dalkeith is from a photograph by Messrs. B. Scott and Son, of Carlisle; and that of the late Mr. J. L. Hatton is from one by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, of Regent-street.

The Spanish Court, on its return to Madrid last Saturday from La Granja, was warmly cheered by the populace.—Another revolutionary rising on a small scale has taken place in Spain, this time among the mountains of Gerona. The thirty insurgents were pursued by the troops, and such of them as escaped into France were apprehended by the French authorities.

In the Second Chamber of the States General at Hague last week the Minister of Finance presented the Budget for 1887. He estimated the deficit at 17,000,000 fl., of which, however, only 666,000 fl. belong to the ordinary Budget. The total deficits from 1884 to 1887 are calculated at 26,000,000 fl. The Minister announced that a new loan would be necessary in the future, but that for 1887 an issue of Treasury Bonds would suffice. He regarded the finances of the country as in a very satisfactory condition.—A statue of Grotius, the eminent Dutch jurist, was unveiled last Saturday at Delft, the city of his birth, where also he is buried. It has been erected by subscriptions from all civilised nations.

The congress of naturalists at Berlin held its final sitting on Friday last week. Professor Hofmann concluded the proceedings by proposing three cheers for the Emperor, which were enthusiastically received.

Earthquake shocks were felt on Sunday morning at Constantinople and Smyrna.

The Hungarian Minister of Commerce, Baron Kemeny, has tendered his long-expected resignation.—The column erected to the memory of Admiral Tegethoff, at the entrance to the Prater, Vienna, was unveiled on Friday, last week, in the presence of the Emperor, the Crown Prince and Princess, all the Austrian Archdukes and Archduchesses, the Ministers, the principal Court and State dignitaries, the members of the Diplomatic Body, and others.—The Congress of Orientalists at Vienna was opened on Monday by Archduke Rénier.

Fresh shocks of earthquake have been felt at Charleston, Summerville, and other places in the Southern States.

The Legislative Council of India has passed Mr. Ilbert's bill declaring certain laws it specifies to be in force in Upper Burmah.—Sir Charles Aitchison, Lieutenant-Governor of the Burmah, will succeed Sir Steuart Bayley as member of the Viceroy's Executive Council in March next.

From Melbourne, Reuter's agent reports that Mr. Justice Higinbotham has been sworn in as Chief Justice of Victoria, in succession to Sir William Foster Stawell, who resigned his post on account of ill health.

The New South Wales Legislative Council has passed the Customs Bill without amendment. The Land Tax Bill has passed through the Legislative Assembly. The proposals recently laid before Parliament for the celebration of the centenary of New South Wales in 1888, were rejected in the Legislative Assembly by 31 votes to 17. Much opposition is offered to the Income Tax Bill, which is still in Committee in the Assembly.

More than a hundred competitors of the City of London Volunteer Regiments fired at the Rainham ranges, Essex, on Thursday week, for the rifle championship of the City, and a long list of prizes of the Association, which is under the presidency of Lord Napier of Magdala. As a result of the shooting, the honour of the title of champion shot of the year of the City of London Rifle Association falls upon Sergeant J. Desmond, London Rifle Brigade, who takes the gold champion badge. The silver badge is awarded to Private T. Briggs, 3rd London Rifles; and the bronze badge to Private Allison, London Rifle Brigade.—Last Saturday a rifle-match between twelve of the North London Rifle Club and twelve of the Eastern Counties Rifle Club was shot at Peterborough. The North London team scored 936 out of a possible 1260, at three ranges, against 883 scored by the Eastern Counties, thus winning the match by 53 points.—At a meeting of commanding officers of Volunteer corps a resolution was passed declaring that the new musketry regulations are such as greatly to increase the difficulty of members becoming efficient and earning the capitation grant.

#### THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The hydrophobia and muzzle debate which is raging hotly in London is producing a show of very bad manners. One feature of it at which I am somewhat amused by is the fact that the advocates of muzzling seem to be mainly of the sex which is supposed to be the more courageous. It is droll to see the male correspondents accusing the ladies who dislike their dogs being killed of being "sentimentalists," while the gentler half of humanity retorts that those who are so frightened of the dogs are "cowards." This sort of controversy is not very profitable, but it is not without an instructive side from a more general point of view. I believe that there is much truth in the cross-accusations above cited: that women are more apt to be run away with by their feelings than men, but that, especially when those feelings are engaged, female courage is ready and indomitable. The common pretence of cowardice among women is often only a pretty, delicate bit of flattery to the other sex. Tennyson knows this, with his wonderful psychological insight that sees so many of the things that are hidden from the common mind. Read the temptation of Merlin by Vivian. You will observe that coaxing, direct flattery, persuasion, anger, all fail; but when the lightning comes, and she flies to him to be "saved" from a danger from which it is impossible that he can defend her, then the old wizard falls a victim to this most subtle form of flattery, this finest of feminine wiles. So many a good woman in daily life pretends, almost unconsciously, to be helpless and timid, because she well knows how dear to the mind of a true man is the sense of yielding protection and support. Long may it be so with men, for the bravest and strongest woman is often in need of tender and gentle care from her more uniformly strong partner! But if any person supposes that women as a sex are at bottom cowardly, that person is a shallow observer.

One seed-idea thrown out in the discussion deserves the thought of mothers. It is that it is far easier to be courageous for oneself than for one's children. Yet fear is so desolating and horrible an emotion that one would not for anything have one's children grow up subject to it. To make them bold and fearless, they must be allowed to pass through some dangers. Your boy may be bitten by a dog if he play with those animals; but is it not better to run this risk, and to suffer the anxiety attendant upon such an occurrence in this day of hydrophobia scare, rather than to let him grow up to be a man who is afraid of dogs? Your girl may hurt herself in the gymnasium; but is it not better to bear this risk than to see her as a woman feeble, and timid in the use of her limbs? Yes, I think we should add this to the list of our duties to our children—to be courageous about them in every respect.

One thing more before I leave this subject—not, probably, to revert to it again. It is freely stated that no person who has been subjected, after being bitten by a rabid dog, to the sweating process of hot-air baths has ever developed hydrophobia; and that there are many authentic cases of cure by this treatment of the disease when it has actually appeared. Is it not scandalous that no attempt is made to test this statement in our great hospitals? A large subscription is raised for an institute for M. Pasteur's repulsive proceedings, though it is far from certain that any persons at all have been saved by his methods, there being no assurance that many of the animals that inflicted the wounds were really rabid, and a percentage of the Pasteur patients having actually died from hydrophobia after the treatment—probably as large a percentage as would have died from dog-bite without any treatment. But no London hospital finds the funds for testing whether the hot-air treatment is really, as it is asserted to be, a sure prophylactic and a general curative for the terrible disease.

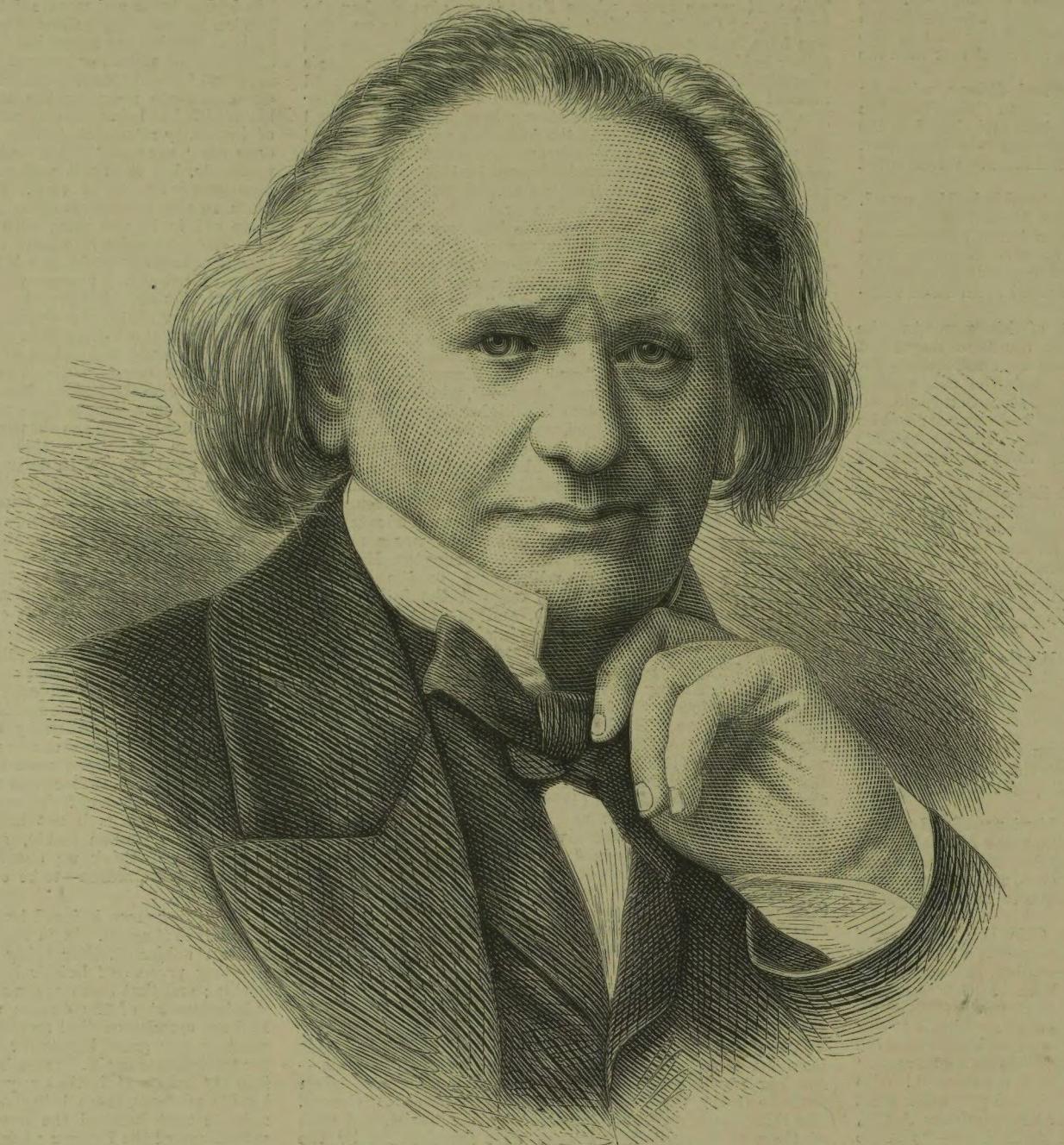
I have just had the honour of "assisting" (in the French sense) at a soirée of the "Société du Progrès de la Coiffure." Probably you did not know of the existence of such a body! But it does exist, "having for its end the improvement of the art of hairdressing." The periodical soirées are given to afford the younger members of the society an opportunity of seeing the superior ones practise their distinguished art, as the budding surgeons watch the skilful operators, or the studio pupils hang on the movements of the brush of the master. I am convinced, after seeing this display, that when a man is a poet by nature, and circumstances check the literary development of the fine frenzy, he turns to hairdressing. Such poesy! Such fancy! Such ideas! Such sense of the beautiful!

Fourteen gentlemen, nearly all French, performed. "Executed" was the official phrase, but surely that word has a sinister significance, when there is a question of heads. A series of looking-glasses were ranged on a long table down the centre of the room, each with a chair facing it. On those chairs were seated ladies, on whose hair, at a given signal, the artists began to operate. Most of the subjects (with one or two marked exceptions) sat down plain young women, but half an hour after there was not one of them otherwise than beautiful.

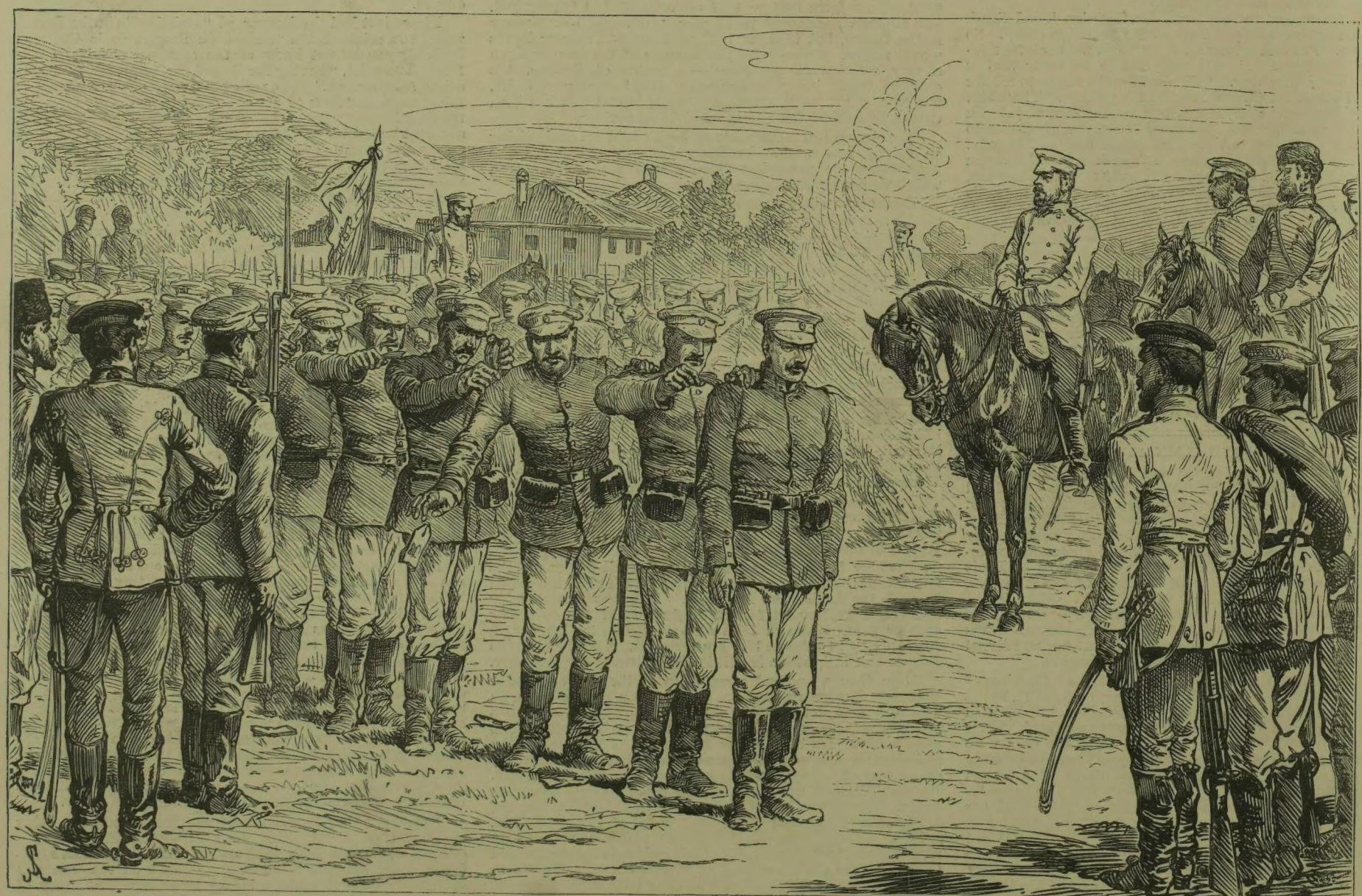
The greatest success as a "Fantaisie" was the coiffure devised by its constructor "Night and Morning." Dressed high in front, the hair there was left the natural light brown colour; a butterfly was poised, wavering on a wire stem, amidst those tresses. Across the top of the crown passed a kind of helmet of some semi-transparent material, looking like horn, in the exact centre of which was let in a thinner portion, slightly tinged round with red, representing the rising sun. This was obviously morning; the back of the head was night. It consisted of a mass of powdered curls hanging on the neck, sprinkled over with blue diamond dust, which shone like stars, while the back of the helmet bore the crescent moon. The sun and moon were visible by reason of a tiny lighted lamp being fixed within the helmet. Another fine coiffure was "Souvenir de Nice," and consisted of rather high coils on the top, upon which was set an immense basket of real roses—red and white—the handle tied with white ribbon; this was fixed amidst the hair on the crown. A very pretty evening coiffure had a little creped fringe over the brow, a tall coil drawn high behind this, and decorated with a tortoiseshell comb, placed quite in its centre; and a lower coil to the right, and a yet lower one to the left of the back of the head, each with a comb in its midst, for the back of the head. "The Shamrock" consisted of a series of very tiny smooth coils all over the head, with a bunch of shamrocks (which make a most pretty ornament for the hair) put on at the extreme back, so as to show like an aigrette from the front view.

I observed that in every case the flowers, bows, or other ornaments employed, were fixed in before the head was completed, not, as one's maid so generally does, as an after-touch when the hair is finished. As soon as the hair was sufficiently done to make a strong foundation, the spray of flowers or what not was fixed on, and then the rest of the hair was coiled and twisted around it. Further, no one of the artists so much as had a brush there; it was all the work of the comb; but of combing each individual tress there seemed no end. It was this which produced an exquisite smoothness in all the coiffures at last.

F. F. M.



THE LATE MR. T. WEBSTER, R.A.



THE MILITARY REVOLT IN BULGARIA: DISARMING THE STROUMSKI REGIMENT AT KUSTENDIL—PETTY OFFICERS TEARING OFF EACH OTHER'S EPAULETTES.  
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. VIKRICKIC.



AGRICULTURAL SCENES—SEPTEMBER: THATCHING STACKS.

Thatching, more than ever, is a rural feature. The introduction of steam threshing machinery disestablished barns, which, after standing empty for years, are now being converted into silos. The crops as harvested are either knocked out in the field or built into ricks and thatched. As a consequence, our rural landscape has gained, and probably three oblong or circular corn-stacks, where formerly there was but one, now make points in the landscape. Accordingly, the art of thatching flourishes, and for the last six weeks thousands of corn-ricks have been covered in much in the

same way as shown in this Illustration. As yet nothing has superseded for economy and service the straw roof of wheat or rye straw. Reeds are sometimes used. At the last Royal Show at Norwich a prize of £25 was given to Messrs. Barnard and Luke, of Braintree, Essex, for a thatch-making machine, which economically worked straw into a roof or shelter material very effectively, and allowed the work to be done in idle times in preparation for busy harvest periods, when in "catchy seasons" many ricks are exposed to the weather from the impossibility of manual thatchers keeping pace with the

harvest. Willesden paper and other coverings are sometimes substituted for honest thatch, but straw remains master of the field as the rightful protector of our grain and forage crops. The straw is prepared by being moistened, so as to bend without breaking, and is then forked up in a loose heap, from which matted condition portions are drawn out in handfuls, in parallel order, and are placed in forked sticks to be carried up to the master-thatcher, whose task is to deftly and securely cover the "harvest-stack," and make the architectural rural picture—on which the reader looks.

## LEGISLATORS ON THE WING.

Sunshine succeeding the chilliness of the past week, our hard-worked legislators, Ministerial and otherwise, should have opened their holidays pleasantly on loch and moor, in the forest or at the seaside. Nearly all have fled from London. The Prime Minister winged his flight on the eve of the prorogation from Arlington-street to the Châlet Cecil, Dieppe; leaving as responsible Minister in town the Earl of Iddesleigh, who thoroughly merited the nice things Baron Henry De Worms said of him in unveiling Miss Stackpole's vivid portrait of his Lordship at the Beaconsfield Club, last week. Mr. Gladstone had yet earlier hastened from Carlton House-terrace to Hawarden Castle, there to prepare for the Irish deputation next Monday, and seek consolation, mayhap, in tree-felling for the strained relationships inevitably existing between ex-Ministers, who, while sharing the front Opposition bench when in the House of Commons, are partly animated by a desire to eject the present Government from office, and partly resolved to maintain Conservative Ministers in power.

It is a unique situation. With his strong sense of humour, Lord Randolph Churchill cannot fail to be hugely amused whilst he profits from the split in the Liberal camp—though it is not likely the clever young statesman who has the honour to be Chancellor of the Exchequer at a remarkably early age will reveal his immost thoughts at the Conservative gathering he is to address at Dartford to-day. The Marquis of Hartington, for his part, having shot his last bolt at Mr. Gladstone, seeks relaxation in the congenial society of the Prince of Wales and the Earl of Fife at Mar Lodge. Mr. Parnell has joined his mother at Avondale. Sir Michael Hicks Beach is on duty in Dublin. While Mr. W. H. Smith has hied to Munich, whence he will doubtless bring back useful information respecting the German and Austrian armies; Lord George Hamilton combines business with pleasure in a voyage of inspection to our Dockyards.

The old-world ceremonial of proroguing Parliament by Royal Commission on Saturday last was quaint as ever. Loth though he doubtless was to quit the rural seclusion of his country seat to garb himself in the cumbrous scarlet cloak worn by Royal Commissioners on such occasions, Lord Halsbury, as Lord Chancellor, sacrificed himself on the altar of duty, and did his best to keep his fellow Commissioners in countenance whilst he and they, seated in front of the Throne in the House of Lords, bowed to the Commons, "all that was left of them," assembled at the Bar with their deservedly esteemed Speaker, the Right Honourable Arthur Wellesley Peel. The similarly berobed brother Royal Commissioners of the Lord Chancellor were the Earl of Iddesleigh, Lord Stanley of Preston, the Earl of Kintore, and Viscount Barrington; and they comported themselves with as much gravity as was consonant with the wearing of black cocked hats and their heavy Peers' cloaks of scarlet and ermine, in this commonplace nineteenth century. On the breezy heights above Dieppe, Lord Salisbury may well have chuckled to have escaped this old-fashioned ceremonial.

The terseness characteristic of the Marquis of Salisbury's epigrammatic utterances was notable in the Queen's Speech read by the Lord Chancellor. Premising that her Majesty's "relations with Foreign Powers continue to be friendly," the Royal Address went on to say that in Bulgaria Prince Alexander's successor would be chosen "in accordance with the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin." The British Commission on the Afghan frontier has been withdrawn "in view of the approach of winter"; and the points unsettled will be decided "by direct negotiation" with Russia. Finally, it was intimated that a Royal Commission would inquire into the administration of "recent Acts dealing with the tenure and purchase of land in Ireland"; and "much satisfaction" was expressed at the growing desire "to draw closer in every practicable way the bonds which unite the various portions of the Empire."

Irish agitators may be interested to know that the Government is quite resolved to call Parliament together in November (to the Eleventh of which month it stands adjourned), if it should be necessary to do so in order to suppress lawlessness with a stronger hand in Ireland. Forbearance on the part of the National League and of landlords and tenants alike may peradventure tide over the trying months before us.

Alderman Sir Reginald Hanson was on Wednesday elected Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year.

The King of Portugal honoured Messrs. Hancock and Co., the Queen's jewellers, with several interviews at Buckingham Palace; and also, before his departure from England, paid a lengthened visit to their establishment in New Bond-street, and made numerous purchases.

The returns of births and deaths in London by the Registrar-General for the week ending Saturday last states that in London 2409 births and 1273 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 279 and the deaths 137 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

On Tuesday morning the ninth annual session of the Library Association of the United Kingdom was opened in the hall of Gray's Inn—Dr. Bond, Principal Librarian of the British Museum, presiding. In speaking of free libraries, he suggested that a department for engravings and a cabinet of coins and medals would be useful additions to a free library. The Lord Mayor moved a vote of thanks to the president for his address, and papers were afterwards read by members. Further meetings were held on Wednesday and Thursday.

At Newmarket on Tuesday, Ormonde added another to his long list of victories by securing for the Duke of Westminster the Great Foal Stakes, in which he defeated Prince Soltykoff's Mephisto, his own stable-companion Whitefriars, and Mr. Houldsworth's colt by Springfield—Morgiana. On Wednesday the Great Eastern Handicap was won by Pearl Diver, Doubloon being second and Distinian third. Mr. Manton's Estrel walked over for the First Foal Stakes, and the same owner's Gay Hermit won the Triennial Stakes.

An unprecedented fatal accident occurred last Saturday afternoon at some extensive stone quarries situated upon Loch Fyne, near Inverary. Seven tons of gunpowder were exploded, and dislodged upward of sixty thousand tons of rock. A party of visitors from Glasgow, by a special steamer, landed while the vapour lingered among the stones, and as soon as they reached the spot they began to fall to the ground, overcome by the sulphurous fumes. Almost instantly six lives were lost; while a seventh, the second member of the Glasgow Town Council who fell a victim, died shortly after his arrival at the Greenock Hospital.

Mr. H. R. Williams, the chairman of the Hornsey Local Board, who has so often advocated in the *Times* the purchase of Highgate Woods for purposes of public recreation, proposed and carried at a meeting of the Board on Monday, a resolution empowering the Board to purchase the wood known as the Churchyard Bottom Wood from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for a sum of £25,000, and to raise the money for the purpose. The resolution was passed unanimously. By this public-spirited act of the Hornsey Local Board, a space of

120 acres of woodland will be permanently secured for the enjoyment of Londoners as a public park. The Churchyard Bottom Wood itself consists of about fifty acres; but it is adjacent to the Gravel Pit Wood, of seventy acres, which in the spring of last year was presented by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to the Corporation of London for dedication to public uses.

A Royal Commission has been appointed by the Queen in Council for the purpose of taking steps for the proper representation of the United Kingdom at the forthcoming Adelaide Jubilee Exhibition. The Duke of Cambridge has been appointed president.

The cricket-match at Harrogate between the Australians and an England Eleven—the last fixture of the Australians in England—ended in a draw on Tuesday. Of thirty-nine matches played nine were won by the Australians eight lost, and twenty-two drawn.

The Local Government Board have sanctioned the application of the Richmond Vestry for power to borrow £15,000, to enable them to buy the estate of the Duke of Buccleuch on Richmond-hill, so as to convert it into public pleasure-grounds and preserve the view. They have authorised the Vestry to borrow the money for fifty years instead of thirty.

The addition to the European Army of India authorised last year was 10,657 men. Of these 6400 went out last season. The total permanent addition to the Native Army is to be 16,000 to 17,000 men. Orders have been issued for an increase of 4500 men to the cavalry, and the five additional Goorkha regiments are being raised.

A preliminary meeting of London bankers and merchants was held at the Mansion House last Monday, on the invitation of the Lord Mayor, to consider the letter of the Prince of Wales inviting co-operation in forming an Imperial Institute of the Colonies of India, as a memorial of her Majesty's Jubilee. Cordial sympathy with the project was expressed, and it was unanimously resolved, on the motion of the Governor of the Bank of England, that the Lord Mayor should be requested to nominate a small consultative committee, to consider the best steps to be taken to raise the necessary fund.

The closing meeting of the Health Congress at York was held in the theatre of the Philosophical Society's Museum, under the presidency of Sir J. Spencer Wells, president of the congress, and the usual complimentary votes of thanks were passed, especially to the Lord and Lady Mayoress for their hospitality. Last Saturday an excursion was organised to enable the members of the institute to visit the city waterworks. In the evening at a general meeting of the congress, addresses on sanitary questions were delivered to a large assemblage, principally consisting of working men. Next year's gathering will be at Bolton.

## DEATH.

On the 20th ult., at 19, Glockengiesserwall, Hamburg, Plus Lewenz, of The Park, Nottingham, in his 52nd year.

\* \* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

**JEPHTHAH'S VOW**, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1, "Jephthah's Return," 2, "On the Mountains," 3, "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anne Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 165, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

**THE VALE OF TEARS**.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. One Shilling.

**FAUST**.—LYCEUM.—Lessee and Manager, MR. HENRY IRVING. FAUST EVERY NIGHT at Eight. Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten till Five. Seats booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

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## OBITUARY.

## THE COUNTESS OF PERTH.

The Right Hon. Susan Henrietta, Countess of Perth and Melfort, died on the 11th ult., at 29, Elvaston-place. Her Ladyship was daughter of Mr. Thomas Bermingham Sewell, of Athenry, by Harriett, his wife, daughter of William Beresford, D.D., Lord Decies, Archbishop of Tuam. She married, first, Colonel Burrowes, of Dangan Castle, in the county of Meath; and secondly, Aug. 9, 1847, George Drummond, Earl of Perth and Melfort, by whom she had two daughters: the elder, Marie Augusta Gabrielle, Berengere Blanche, married Colonel Mackenzie Fraser, of Castle Fraser, and died in 1874.

## THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTON AND WINTON.

The Right Hon. Sophia Adelaide Theodosia, Countess of Eglinton and Winton, died on the 21st ult., at Eglinton Castle. Her Ladyship was born July 26, 1840, the only daughter of the second Earl of Yarborough, by Maria Adelaide, his wife, daughter of the third Viscount Hawarden, and was married, Dec. 6, 1862, to Archibald William, present Earl of Eglinton and Winton, by whom she leaves four daughters, the eldest, Sophy Constance, wife of Captain S. H. Allenby, of Garnsgate Hall, Lincolnshire; and the second, Theresa, wife of Mr. John Cresc, of Glasgow. The Countess was extremely popular. In her younger days, an ardent horsewoman, she hunted with the Eglinton hounds, and is well remembered for her courage in the hunting field. Her remains were laid in the family vault in Kilwinning Abbey.

## LORD GERALD FITZGERALD.

Lord Gerald Fitzgerald died in London on the 23rd ult. He was born Jan. 6, 1821, the second son of Augustus Frederick, third Duke of Leinster, by Charlotte Augusta, his wife, daughter of Charles, Earl of Harrington. In early life he was Lieutenant and Captain Scots Fusilier Guards, and afterward Lieutenant-Colonel Queen's Westminster Rifle Volunteers. Lord Gerald was devoted to music, and in the formation of the musical Society of the Wandering Minstrels he took a very active part. His Lordship married, June 9, 1862, Anne Agnes, daughter of Mr. James Barker, and leaves one son, Edward Gerald, born Sept. 2, 1863.

## SIR JOHN KELK BART.

Sir John Kelk, Bart., of Tedworth, Wilts, and of 3, Grosvenor-square, died on the 12th ult., at his seat near Marlborough. He was born Feb. 21, 1816, the third son of Mr. John Kelk, of St. Anne's, Westminster, by Martha, his wife, daughter of Mr. Jacob Germaine, of Bloomsbury. He was in the Commission of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant of Middlesex, and Major in the Engineer Volunteer Staff Corps; sat in Parliament, as a Conservative, for Harwich, 1865 to 1868, and served as High Sheriff for Hampshire, in 1884. He married, Sept. 5, 1848, his cousin, Rebecca Anne, third daughter of Mr. George Kelk, of Braehead House, Ayrshire, and leaves by her, who died Oct. 18, 1885, one daughter, Ellen Maud, wife of Mr. Frederick William Maude, and one surviving son, now Sir John William Kelk, second Baronet, born Jan. 13, 1851.

## THE REV. W. F. STEVENSON.

The Rev. William Fleming Stevenson, D.D., died on the 16th ult., aged fifty-four, at his residence, Orwell Bank, Rathgar, near Dublin. He was a native of Strabane, in the county of Tyrone, and in very early life elected to become a minister of the Presbyterian Church. He took his Undergraduate course in Edinburgh University, of which he became M.A., and, eventually, honoris causa D.D. In 1856, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Strabane, and not long after received an appointment on the staff of the Town Mission in Belfast. In 1860, he was chosen minister of Upper Rathmines, and in this congregation, for a period of more than twenty-six years, he exercised his gift and built up his fame. In 1873, he succeeded Dr. Morgan as Convener of the Foreign Mission; in 1881, was raised to the Moderator's chair of the General Assembly; and on the institution of the Royal University of Ireland, was given a seat in the Senate as the representative of the Presbyterian Church.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Earl of Dalkeith, Mr. Webster, R.A., and Mr. Hatton, musical composer, whose portraits and memoirs are given in this Number.

Mr. Rowland Mason Ordish, the well-known engineer.

The Rev. J. Alcock, Archdeacon of Waterford, after a protracted illness, aged eighty-eight.

Mr. Alexander Donovan, B.A., of Framfield Place, Sussex, J.P., and D.L., on the 10th ult., aged sixty-seven.

The Rev. Arthur Pearson, M.A., J.P., of Springfield, Essex, Rector of the parish and Rural Dean, aged eighty-three.

Emma, Lady Mainwaring, widow of Sir Harry Mainwaring, Bart., of Over Peover, and daughter of Mr. Thomas William Tatton, of Wythenshaw.

Mr. Joseph Sampson Gamgee, M.R.C.S., F.R.S.E., surgeon to the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham, and a brilliant operator, on the 18th ult., in his fifty-ninth year.

The Rev. Dr. William Binnie, Professor of Church History and Pastoral Theology in the Free Church College, Aberdeen, suddenly, in Glasgow, on the 22nd ult.

Mrs. Pryce, Lady of the Manor of Gurnley, in the county of Montgomery, widow of the Rev. Richard Henry Mostyn Pryce, and only child of Mr. John Williams, of Hendydean Hall, on the 19th ult.

Lady Cardross of Holmes (Jane Halliday), widow of Henry, Lord Cardross (eldest son of the twelfth Earl of Buchan), and second daughter of Mr. Archibald Torry, of Georgie, at her residence, in Brighton.

The Rev. Francis Morse, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary's, Nottingham, Prebendary of Southwell and Rural Dean, on the 18th ult., aged sixty-seven. He graduated at Cambridge as a Senior Optime; was Hulsean Lecturer in 1863, and held the living of St. Mary's since 1864.

The Rev. Dr. Ranken, Dean of Aberdeen and the Orkney Diocese, on the 24th ult., after a brief illness, in the eightieth year of his age. He took holy orders in 1828, and held appointments at Portsoy and Old Deer, attaining his jubilee two years ago, when he received the degree of D.D. from the Aberdeen University.

## MAORI CIVILISATION.

The condition and prospects of the native race in New Zealand cannot now be a problem of very great importance to colonial prosperity, for their total number this year is 41,432, while those of European race are 578,283, and the former decrease, while the latter augment rapidly, as well by births as by immigration. In no country which has been occupied by European settlers, in any age, have the persons and individual rights and property of the natives been more carefully protected, or has greater freedom been allowed them, subject only to the prohibition of crime. The disputes that arose twenty or thirty years ago, resulting in the Waikato war of 1863, which spread to different parts of the North Island, were due to purchase claims based on the general interpretation of the Crown territorial ownership of waste lands, which were opposed with reference to alleged tribal rights never actually exercised, and not reserved by the Treaty of Waitangi in 1840. No land has ever been taken from the Maoris, for public or private use, without the free consent of those whom the Crown recognised as the lawful owners, except in the case of some confiscated lands, taken under the authority of special laws, with a view to the punishment of rebellion, and to prevent its repetition. In every purchase of land by the Crown, ample reserves have been left for the use of the native proprietors; and there is certainly abundant room for them, the whole extent of New Zealand being a hundred thousand square miles. In fact, the lands in the possession of the natives, with the portions they have sold on their own account, are fourteen million acres; but they only take the trouble to cultivate a very small part. Some of the Maori chiefs are large landowners and wealthy men; their private estates, and all the civil rights of every Maori, are protected by law with perfect impartiality; and all of them, with equal industry and prudence, might thrive as well as the "Pakeha" or white men. The diminution of their numbers, as a race, cannot indeed be ascribed to destitution, but may be due to obscure physiological causes, which seem in like manner to affect the natives of Hawaii or the Sandwich Islands, and the Polynesian race in general.

In the meantime, a certain portion of the Maoris, dwelling in the neighbourhood of colonial towns, have willingly accommodated themselves to European manners and customs; and our sketches of their life amidst the outward apparatus of civilisation may be amusing to the reader. Those who can afford to keep or hire horses are fond of riding and driving; the Maori young ladies, especially, like to appear in a riding-habit on horseback, and are frequently good customers at the stores for the newest fashions in dress; the chiefs, usually men of strong natural intelligence, travel about New Zealand, and may be often met with as saloon passengers in steamer from Auckland to Wellington or to New Plymouth. They behave quite as well under these circumstances as most of the Pakeha ladies and gentlemen, though sometimes innocently uncouth at the hotel or cabin table. With reference to the corruption of English names and words that may be noticed in the titles of these sketches, it should be remembered that the Maoris have extreme difficulty in pronouncing certain letters of our alphabet, especially the consonants of a sibilant sound: they say "hikapene" for "sixpence," "ihaka," spoken short, for "Isaac," and "hone," or rather "Honnie," for "John." The letter *t*, too, is always changed into *r*, and every word is

made to end with a vowel, so that "Wiremu" is the equivalent for "William."

The Maoris are represented in the New Zealand Government, in the Legislative Council and the House of Assembly, by chosen men of their own race; and Maoris are appointed resident magistrates or superintendents in the districts inhabited by these people. The Government provides schools for their children, and many can read and write. At Tokomaru, on the east coast, the organ in church is played by a Maori girl, who was educated at Napier. This fact may be set against our correspondent's sketch of the Sunday evening worship in old Isaac's house. Barbaric superstitions, however, are yet far from being extinct; and the unhappy man who has become "tāpu," by contact probably with something accounted unclean in their Levitical law, is condemned to a long and painful seclusion.

## MUSIC.

## "DOROTHY," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

"Dorothy," a comedy-opera, was produced here on Saturday evening. The book is by Mr. B. C. Stephenson, who has constructed a three-act piece consisting of somewhat familiar materials, but serving as an effective framework for the composer's purpose. Dorothy, daughter of Squire Bantam, and Lydia Hawthorne, his niece, attired in simple costume, attend the village festivities on the close of the hop-picking season, assuming to be simple villagers—Dorcas and Abigail, daughters of the innkeeper. The Squire's daughter is intended by him, against her will, to marry his nephew and heir, Geoffrey Wilder, who is about to pay him a visit. He arrives at the village inn, accompanied by his friend, Harry Sherwood, and each falls in love with one of the supposed rustic beauties—Wilder being smitten with the charms of Dorcas (Dorothy), and his friend with those of Abigail (Lydia). Before reaching the Squire's residence, Wilder is overtaken by Lurcher, a Sheriff's officer, armed with writs for the arrest of Wilder, who has been living an extravagant life in London. The writ-server, however, is ducked by the angry villagers, the scene closing with the declaration of love and the bestowal of rings by the young ladies on the gentlemen. In the second act a plot of Wilder's is carried out by which he is introduced (accompanied by his friend) as the supposed Duke of Berkshire, by Lurcher, acting as the Duke's secretary. Dorothy and Lydia, in their fashionable costumes, are not recognised by their lovers, who entertain a fresh passion, each reversing its object, and ultimately bestowing thereon the ring which was never to have been parted with. The scheme formed by Wilder, in collusion with Lurcher, is carried out in the darkness of night, when an alarm of thieves is raised, the Squire and the pretended Duke being found pinioned; the only alleged loss being that of the false nobleman, the amount being stated as about that of Wilder's indebtedness, which the Squire insists on reimbursing. The interest of the third and last act turns on a challenge sent to the Squire's nephew and his friend by two imaginary young gentlemen, who are represented by the aggrieved young ladies. They arrive on the scene full of courage, armed with pistols devoid of bullets; but their boldness disappears when their antagonists insist on

the use of the weapons brought by themselves, duly loaded with powder and ball. The fright of the disguised ladies and their consequent discovery lead to the denouement; and all ends happily.

The music of "Dorothy," by Mr. Alfred Cellier, is throughout bright and melodious in style, full of graceful phrases in its vocal portions, and comprising some very pretty ballet movements. Very effective were the trio "Be wise in time," the quartet "We're sorry to delay you," the other quartet for the two pairs of lovers, "Now, swear to be good and true," Lurcher's comic song, and the finale of the first act; the graceful ballet-music, the Squire's song, the choral "Good-Night" of guests and hosts, the love-making quartet, and the hunting chorus in the second act. The concluding portion of the work, which is brief, contains some pretty ballet music, a sentimental ballad for Phyllis (daughter of the landlord of the village inn), a quaint chorus of old women, and a short but spirited finale. Miss Marion Hood was a charming representative of the title-character, Miss F. Dysart and Miss F. Lambeth having been, respectively, efficient as Lydia and Phyllis. Mr. C. H. Coffin sustained the character of Sherwood with great success, Mr. R. Hollins having filled the part of Wilder. Mr. F. Cook gave a capital version of the fine old English gentleman, Squire Bantam; Mr. E. Griffin was duly obsequious and genial as Tuppit, the village innkeeper; Mr. Arthur Williams was richly comic as Lurcher; and Mr. J. Le Hay was sufficiently loutish as John Strutt, the lover of Phyllis, these two characters sustaining a small underplot.

An excellent orchestra, of full proportions, and a chorus worthy of association therewith, contribute much to the general effect, Herr Meyer Lutz being an efficient conductor. The scenery is very beautiful, and the costumes are of elaborate richness. The success of the first night augurs a career of prosperity for "Dorothy." Mr. George Edwardes, who is now sole lessee and manager of the Gaiety Theatre, has carried out some extensive decorations of the interior, among them being a new drop-scene painted by Mr. W. Beverley.

At the Covent-Garden Promenade Concerts, Mdlle. Anna Lang has reappeared with a repetition of the success obtained by her recent débüt here. This young violinist possesses a highly cultivated mechanism, both in the command of the finger-board and the bow; and is likely to obtain a very favourable position as a sterling and brilliant soloist.

The Royal Academy of Music opened its new session last Saturday with an opening address by the President, Sir G. A. Macfarren.—There were six candidates for the John Thomas Welsh Scholarship, and it was awarded to Aneurin Jenkins.

The Sacred Harmonic Society will open a new season, at St. James's Hall, on Dec. 3, with Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus," his "Messiah" being announced for Dec. 17, the three remaining concerts (on Jan. 21, Feb. 25, and March 25) being appropriated, respectively, to Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Rossini's "Moses in Egypt," and Costa's "Eli." Mr. W. H. Cummings will conduct, as during last season.

William Beach, of Australia, again vindicated his claim to the title of champion sculler of the world last Saturday, when, rowing over the Thames course, he easily beat Wallace Ross, of New Brunswick.

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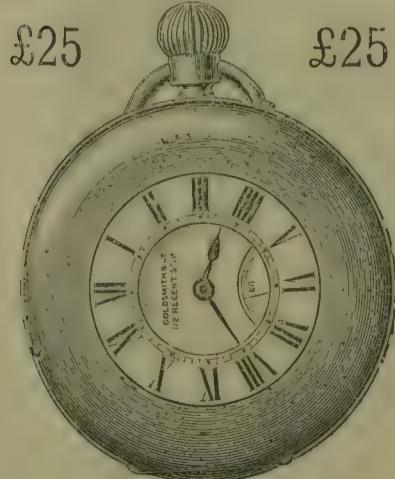
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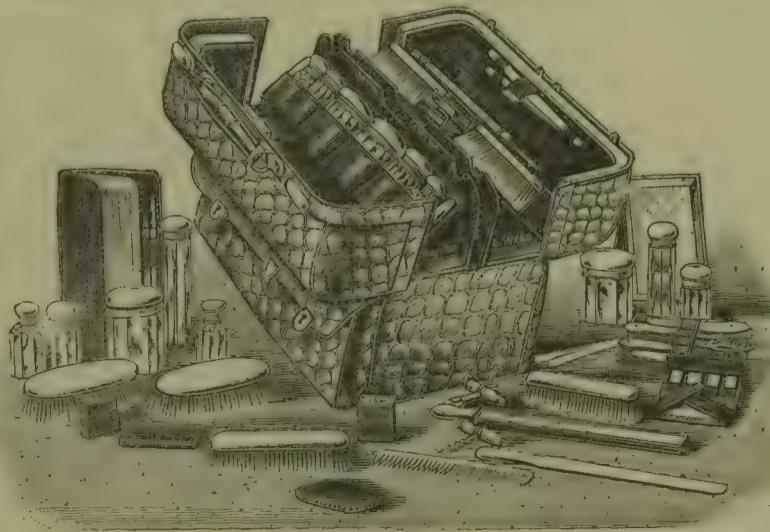


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THE LATE MR. J. L. HATTON, MUSICAL COMPOSER.



THE LATE EARL OF DALKEITH.

## THE LATE EARL OF DALKEITH.

Much sympathy is felt with the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch in their sad family bereavement, which was made known last week. Their eldest son and heir, the Right Hon. Walter Henry Montagu Douglas Scott, Earl of Dalkeith, was on Friday, the 17th ult., accidentally killed, in the Auchnacarry deer-forest, Loch Arkaig, near Fort William, on the estate of Cameron of Lochiel, with whom he was staying on a visit. He had gone up the Farrochmore hill, with two or three keepers or gillies, and, having wounded a stag, ran down the steep ground after it, with a loaded rifle in his hand; he slipped and fell, and the rifle went off, a bullet passing through the left arm and entering his body just under the shoulder. The men were unable to remove him, but sent for assistance; his Lordship died, however, in little more than an hour. Mr. Albert Grey, who was one of the party out shooting, but had gone to the other side of the lake, arrived soon after Lord Dalkeith expired. Lord Dalkeith was a young nobleman of engaging and estimable character, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, having been born in 1861. His mother, the Duchess of Buccleuch, was Lady Louisa Jane Hamilton, daughter of the late Duke of Abercorn. He was the eldest of a family of six sons and two daughters. Lord Eskdale, as he was called

while his father was Earl of Dalkeith, was educated at Eton, and Christ Church, Oxford; he was a distinguished performer in the cricket-field, and showed considerable talents of a higher kind, with good promise of usefulness in public life. As a Liberal-Conservative, he unsuccessfully contested Dumfriesshire at the General Election of 1885 against the sitting member (Sir Robert Jardine), but at the last Election he threw in his lot with his former opponent, and supported the Unionist cause. His Lordship, as a member of the Royal Company of Archers, was present with his father on the recent occasion of the Queen's visit to the International Exhibition at Edinburgh, when his mother (the Duchess of Buccleuch) attended her Majesty as Mistress of the Robes. He is succeeded in the courtesy title by his brother, Lord John Charles Scott, a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, who was born in 1864, and who now becomes heir to the dukedoms of Buccleuch and Queensberry, and several other titles. The funeral of the late Lord Dalkeith took place last Saturday at Dalkeith, near Edinburgh, in the family vault in St. Mary's Chapel; the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, with all their children, the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lothian, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Rosebery, and many others of the nobility were present. Her Majesty the Queen has sent a kind letter of condolence to the mourning parents.

## THE LATE MR. J. L. HATTON.

Mr. John Lipton Hatton, who died on the 20th ult., deserves remembrance as the composer of many popular vocal pieces in various forms. He was born at Liverpool about 1815, and was almost entirely self-educated. He came to London at the age of twenty, assisted in "Acis and Galatea," at Drury-Lane Theatre, in 1843; his operetta, "Queen of the Thames," was produced at that theatre in 1844. After visiting Vienna, he brought out the opera "Rose; or, Love's Ransom" (at Covent-Garden, in 1864); and subsequently he became musical director at the Princess's Theatre. Mr. Hatton wrote original music to "Sardanapalus," "Henry VIII.," "Richard II.," "Pizarro," "King Lear," and other plays; and produced a cantata, "Robin Hood," and several anthems and cathedral services. In his early career he was a pianist of considerable skill, and might have earned eminence in that direction. As a composer, Mr. Hatton was most successful in his songs; and it is by these that he will live in the history of English art. He found a mean between popularity, in the best sense of the word, and high musical qualities, being never vulgar and never abstruse. For his lyrics he went in preference to the earlier English poets, and a volume of his songs, mostly set to Herrick's words, contains many excellent compositions.

MILITARY REVOLT IN BULGARIA: SOLDIERS OF THE STROUMSKI REGIMENT RUNNING TO THE PRISON AT RADOMIR TO KILL THEIR OFFICERS.  
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. UIKRICKIC.

## THE MILITARY REVOLT IN BULGARIA.

The outrageous act of treachery and violence by which Prince Alexander of Bulgaria was removed from his seat of government, on Aug. 21, though undoubtedly brought about by a foreign intrigue, which has since compelled him, under the pressure of two great European Powers, finally to abdicate and quit the country, was merely, in outward aspect, a revolt of two or three regiments of the Bulgarian army. The circumstances are too notorious, and have been too fully and exactly related, to need further repetition. After the return of Prince Alexander, for a few days only, to his loyal subjects, who received him, as the greater part of the army did, with enthusiastic expressions of attachment, the Stroumski regiment, then at Kustendil, was punished for its treasonable conduct. Loyal troops were sent to that place, where, by order of the Provisional Government, on the 12th ult., the Stroumski regiment was disarmed, its colours were burnt, and the petty officers, numbering about a hundred and fifty, were obliged to tear off each other's epulettes. This having been done, the soldiers of the Stroumski regiment, who expressed much sorrow and shame for their behaviour, and great indignation that they should have been so misled by their officers, were marched towards Sofia. At Radomir, the soldiers of the Stroumski regiment made a rush for the prison, where thirty-eight of their officers were under arrest, with the intention of killing them, and the commander of the escort regiment was obliged to place two companies with fixed bayonets to protect the lives of the imprisoned officers. The men of the Stroumski regiment arrived at Sofia, and were drafted to other regiments in bodies of one hundred men each. A court-martial for the trial of the conspirators against Prince Alexander was formed, under the presidency of Lieutenant-Colonel Filoff, commander of the garrison at Rustchuk. But, since the abdication of Prince Alexander, and the establishment of Russian dictation in Bulgaria, all proceedings against the criminals have been stopped. General Kaulbars, the Russian Commissioner, arrived at Sofia last Saturday, and was met by the partisans of Russia with triumphant demonstrations. It is reported that he has demanded of the Bulgarian Council of Regency, this week, the immediate release of all persons implicated in the affair of Aug. 21; and the adjournment *sine die* of the constitutional

session of the Sobranje, or Bulgarian National Assembly, which was to have elected a new Prince of Bulgaria in the present month of October. Our Illustrations of the scenes at Kustendil and Radomir are from sketches by Mr. Uirkickic, forwarded to the office of this Journal.

Sir John Lubbock, as First President of the Watford Public Library, College of Science, Art, Music, and Literature, gave on Tuesday his opening address, to a crowded assembly. The subject of his address was Ants and their Habits.

There were forty-two competitors, representing English, Scottish, and Irish clubs, at the golf tournament, to decide the amateur championship of the world, played last week at St. Andrew's, the winner being Mr. Horace Hutchinson, of Westward Ho, who was second at Liverpool last year.

A new challenge to race for the America Cup has been given by a committee of Clyde yachtsmen, who have raised a guaranteed fund of £10,000. They will build a new yacht on the model of any selected American vessel, provided the latter's length is given, and will man her with a Clyde captain and crew.

At a meeting of the Hospital Saturday Fund, held last Saturday, the secretary reported that the work-shop collection was £1500 in excess of the amount received up to the corresponding date last year, thus more than compensating for the deficiency in the street collection.

Five moonlighters were arrested in Castleisland on Sunday night, when just about to proceed on an armed expedition; and early on Monday morning eight moonlighters were captured near Killarney, as they were carrying off a threshing-machine from a farmer's holding.

Mr. Moritz Fischer, who was so seriously injured on the Metropolitan Railway on Friday, last week, and who is under treatment in St. George's Hospital, has recovered consciousness, and has made a statement to the effect that he received his injuries while his head was out of the carriage window.

The President of the United States has awarded a gold watch and chain to Captain Thomas Robertson, of the British steamer Elstow, as an acknowledgement of his gallant and humane conduct in rescuing and assisting the distressed American schooner Martha Brower, on Jan. 13, 1866.

## HUMOURS OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

The two Coloured Pictures given as an Extra Supplement this week represent the queer companionship of different animals brought together for the service of mankind, which was illustrated, a fortnight ago, in the case of the pigs and poultry in the farmyard. Their behaviour towards each other, though it seldom becomes really friendly and sociable, is modified, some how or other, by their common respect for their human master. We have, indeed, known a cat live on terms of manifest affection with a pigeon, both of them being favourites in the household of an elderly maiden lady in Devonshire, who took great pleasure in leading them to walk beside her in the garden. Pig and dog are scarcely natural enemies; but when the dog is kept chained to his kennel, and has the official duty of being fierce to all intruders, the porker who strays from his sty must be prepared to give account of himself; and this he appears to be doing, with a sarcastic and ironical pretence of humility, standing before the grim guardian of the place, who shows his teeth, but does not mean to bite. The dog admitted within the household, and permitted to play with the children, acquires a tenderness of disposition, especially towards young creatures of every species, which is doubtless learned from human example. He is accustomed to watch the cot of the sleeping babe; and when, in the day-time, the child being away with its mother, a kitten has taken its place on the soft coverlet, we see the dog equally willing to guard its repose, believing probably that this is according to the proper rule and order of family life. When we take animals into our confidence, and treat them with equal kindness, they soon come to feel a sort of mutual confidence in each other, which is a pleasant sight to the benevolent mind.

The Prince of Wales has decided that the present Colonial and Indian Exhibition shall close on the evening of Nov. 10.

A new high-level reservoir, which forms part of the scheme for an improved water supply and other sanitary improvements, arising out of a typhoid epidemic at Kidderminster, was formally opened on Monday. The scheme is estimated to cost about £25,000.

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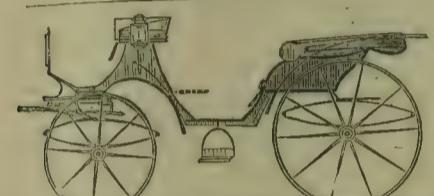
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EXHIBITION

NEW ZEALAND

The farthest to the south-east from England, and the nearest to our Antipodes, of all the British colonies, New Zealand occupies a unique position. It might be called, with a more exactly English name, "New Sea Land"; for it has more sea around it, wider ocean spaces on every side, than any other large country on the globe; and both the country and that part of the ocean—the West Pacific—are historically new; for Captain Cook, in 1769, was the first actual explorer, though Tasman, the Dutch navigator of 1612, had the first sight of part of its coasts, and named them after his own province of the Netherlands in Europe. The colony might indeed have a more appropriate English name; but no names could have been less expressive than those of "New Ulster" and "New Munster," formerly bestowed on the two principal islands. There are three islands, but the most southerly of them, Stewart's Island, is small and not yet settled; its existence, nevertheless, for some time had the effect of causing one of the larger islands to be mentioned as "the Middle Island." We are, however, now accustomed to speak of the two, the North and the South Island, which are of nearly equal size. They are by no means, geographically, socially, or by any link of commercial or political interest, a dependency of Australia, from whose nearest shore, that of New South Wales, the distance to New Zealand is about a thousand miles. The physical structure of the land, the climate, the plants and animals, and the native race of mankind, are utterly different from those of Australia. New

Zealand, indeed, belongs to no continent; nothing that Nature has placed there bears any particular affinity to the productions of any more extensive tract of land on earth. It is, *par excellence*, the Sea Land; and it has, therefore, being favoured with the most genial and salubrious of temperate climates, and with the invigorating winds of the vast expanse of ocean, become the over-sea home of true Englishmen, who thrive in sea air; the birthplace and nursery of big families of their children, who grow up healthier and happier there, it is said, than in any other distant part of the world.

With regard to the climate, statistical minds will admit the superior healthfulness of New Zealand when we point out that, for the period from 1865 to 1883 inclusive, the mean death rate in New Zealand per 1000 of the population was 12.20, as against 15.35 in Tasmania, 15.37 in Western Australia, 15.11 in South Australia, 17.77 in Queensland, 15.54 in New South Wales, and 15.67 in Victoria. This is a remarkable difference in favour of New Zealand as compared with the average mortality of the other Australasian colonies. The same beneficial atmospheric influences impart that extra vitality which gives to New Zealand the highest birth rate. The average birth rate in New Zealand from 1865 to 1883, inclusive, was 10.53 per 1000 of the mean population. Contrasted with this, the birth rate in Tasmania is 30.94 per 1000; Western Australia, 32.88 per 1000; South Australia, 33.85 per 1000; Queensland, 40.10 per 1000; New South Wales, 38.94 per 1000; and Victoria 35.26 per 1000. Together, the difference in favour of New

Zealand in the lower death rate and higher birth rate is no less than 9.64 per 1000 of the population, which secures a rate of progress within the colony that cannot fail to have a most important bearing upon the relative position of New Zealand, compared with her Australian neighbours.

The two islands, the North and the South, measured together, are nearly the size of Great Britain and Ireland; but they are, as we observed, nearly equal in size. Yet they differ considerably by nature, as much as Great Britain differs from Italy or Spain: for they stretch above 1100 miles from the northern extremity, which is the warmer, of course, in that hemisphere, to the southern; as it were from Sicily or Granada to the Orkneys; and, while much of the North Island is of volcanic formation, like Calabria and the Bay of Naples, the South Island rears its massive Alpine ranges, with perpetual snows and immense glaciers, almost to the height of the Switzerland Alps. Few countries, within the same space, present such a variety of scenery and grand or picturesque landscapes.

It is, however, with the English colony of New Zealand, and its productive and industrial resources, that we have to do in connection with the Exhibition. The total population last March was 578,283, exclusive of Maoris. Nearly six hundred thousand of our own people are settled there, gathering within the past fifty years, and they will grow to be one of the most important, well-managed, and prosperous communities of modern times, likely in another half-century to be



GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURT, WITH THE TIMBER AND GOLD TROPHIES, AND SKELETON OF THE MOA.

six millions, with plenty to do and plenty to eat. The emigration to New Zealand has been largely that of educated young men of the English middle classes, with a little money. Before 1840, the beginning of colonial history, there had been whaling stations, trading posts, and missionary establishments in the North Island. The Wakefield system of colonisation was tried at Wellington and Nelson, on the opposite sides of Cook's Strait, which separates the North from the South Island. British sovereignty fixed its representative at Auckland in 1840; the Maoris became her Majesty's subjects; and regulations for the sale of land were made, and, with much dispute, were finally enforced. Some ten years later, a settlement under Church of England auspices was founded in the Canterbury Plains of the South Island, with Lyttelton as its port, and Christchurch as its capital town; while the Scottish Kirk people began, on similar principles, a settlement in Otago, farther south, and called their new town Dunedin. In Taranaki, around the base of Mount Egmont, on the west coast of the North Island, emigrants from Devonshire and others founded their town of New Plymouth. These places were, in those early days, isolated villages, with small inhabited districts on different coasts, only communicating with each other by occasional sailing-vessels. In 1852, by Act of Parliament, New Zealand was endowed with a Constitution; and the several Provinces of Auckland, Wellington, Canterbury, Otago, Nelson, and Taranaki obtained large powers of self-government, each with an elective Provincial Council and a Superintendent chosen by the people. Napier or Hawke's Bay, Marlborough, Westland, and Southland, were afterwards constituted provinces; but Southland soon merged its separate existence in Otago. The provincial system worked very well in Canterbury and Otago, which made greater progress, in all respects, than any other part of New Zealand. But, in 1875, the Provincial Governments were abolished; and their powers were absorbed by the General Government and by County Councils. The seat of the General Government was removed from Auckland to Wellington. There is a Governor (at present Major-General Sir W. F. D. Jervois), a Legislative Council, a House of Representatives, and a responsible Ministry. The County Councils, District Road Boards, and town municipalities, possess large powers, and considerable revenues are put at their disposal. Good laws are made and honestly administered. The Maoris, after subduing their rebellion, which was caused by errors of the Imperial Government, have been fairly treated by the colonists, and are now quite peaceable. There is a public debt of thirty-three millions, with a revenue much exceeding three millions; but the Government railways represent an expenditure of over twelve millions, and there is much public land for sale, giving ample security for the finances of the colony, as this property becomes more valuable every year. The idea of any unsoundness in the credit of this or the Australian colonies is sheer ignorance of their real condition. Twenty millions of the New Zealand expenditure went for the cost of railways, roads, bridges, harbour works, lighthouses, telegraphs, water supply to gold-fields, public buildings, and other good remunerative investments or public property.

The Crown land-purchase system of New Zealand is liberal, and is, so far as possible, arranged so as to meet the requirements of bona fide settlers. The immediate freehold of these lands is acquired by purchase at auction, and by free selection. Under the Deferred Payment system, an allotment not exceeding 320 acres can be obtained by paying a twentieth part of the purchase money, at prices ranging from ten shillings to £2 an acre for rural lands, and the remainder by instalments paid every six months for ten years, the purchaser residing on the land; but he may, by effecting improvements, clearing, fencing, draining, or cultivating, to a specified extent within a certain time, get a clear freehold title in six years. There is also a system of perpetual leasing, under certain conditions, at a low fixed rent, with perpetual right of renewal. Under what is known as the Homestead system, small allotments of land are granted without purchase upon conditions of residence and improvement, at which the Crown lands, as a rule, are sold. Small grazing runs are let by public auction, the upset rent ranging from sevenpence halfpenny to one shilling per acre.

Though New Zealand cannot match Australia in producing the finest quality of wool, it has some advantages over Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland in agricultural and even in pastoral business. It is not liable to prolonged and remorseless droughts; the rainfall in the whole year is always sufficient. The Canterbury plains, with a climate resembling that of Tuscany, the wide straths of Otago, which is another Scotland, and, in the North Island, the very fertile districts between Waanganui and New Plymouth, abundantly reward cultivation. The average yield of wheat is about twenty-six bushels an acre. Sheep of mixed breed, in the South Island, are kept as much for mutton as for wool, on enclosed pastures sown with English grasses, as the extent of wild pasture now available is limited, the eastern plains being narrow, and two thirds of the island consisting of mountains with dense forests on the western coast. Many tracts of the North Island are favourable to stock-raising, which is one of the most profitable occupations. Dairy produce and fruit may also be advantageous when there is a better market. The colony possesses about fourteen millions of sheep, 700,000 head of cattle, 162,000 horses, 200,000 pigs, and a million and a half of poultry. The land already cultivated for crops exceeds a million and a quarter acres, and the prepared pastures are above five million acres of sown grass land. It is estimated that nearly three times this extent of good land still remains for disposal. The export of wool in 1884 was to the value of £3,267,000, and of frozen and preserved meat, corn, and other pastoral or agricultural produce, nearly two millions sterling. Half a million frozen carcases of sheep, excellent mutton, have been sent to London in the last three years. The total exports of the colony are to the average yearly value of seven millions sterling.

The gold-fields of New Zealand are less productive than they were a few years ago, but yielded in 1884 gold to the value of nearly a million. The total produce of gold since 1857 is estimated at over forty-two millions. The principal quartz mines are in the Coromandel and Thames districts, forty or fifty miles east of Auckland, some of which have yielded an amazing proportion of the precious ore to the quartz; but the alluvial gold-fields in the valley of the Grey, near Hokitika, Westland, and those of Otago, the Clutha, Arrow, Shotover, and Lake Wakatipu districts, are of scarcely less importance. There is abundance of iron ore, but it has not been much worked. The coal-mines, especially those of Auckland, Nelson, and Otago, are already working to good result, affording great facilities of future manufacturing industry. New Zealand possesses other mineral resources, including petroleum, which will contribute to the general sum of colonial wealth.

Timber, some kinds of which have been found useful, and which also forms an article of export, abounds on the western side of the South Island, and in the northern part of Auckland. The so-called New Zealand flax, the *phormium tenax*, is superior to hemp or jute, as fibre for ropes and cordage, or for sacking. The Kauri gum supplies an incomparable varnish, and was exported in 1884 to the value of £342,000. Some of the fine woods of the country are beautiful material for the

ornamental cabinet-maker, and the Auckland craftsmen have much taste and skill. The woollen manufacturers of Canterbury and Otago weave excellent tweed cloth, flannel, and blankets of the material grown on the backs of New Zealand sheep. Machine-making, ship-building, and various minor industries, such as brewing, saddlery, and soap-making, are likewise favoured by the abundance of material, in spite of the high wages of labour. The chief towns, however, do not yet show, as in Australia, an excessive tendency of the population to prefer city life. The city of Auckland, with its suburbs, may be reckoned to have 57,000 inhabitants; Christchurch, with suburbs, above 40,000; and Dunedin, with suburbs, 46,000. These towns are adorned with handsome buildings, and have every convenience of social life. The institutions for higher education, the Universities and Colleges, especially at Auckland, Christchurch, and Dunedin, are liberally endowed and conducted by accomplished professors; New Zealand has also good free schools for all classes of the people.

The maritime position of New Zealand, and the advantages of such fine harbours as Auckland, Wellington, Port Lyttelton (Canterbury), and Dunedin, give this colony the assurance of great commercial prosperity in years to come. It stands second to New South Wales in shipping and traffic at its seaports. The port of Auckland is already provided with a large dock; and one is being constructed there which will be the largest in the southern hemisphere. Wellington has a patent slip, taking up vessels of 2000 tons; but Port Lyttelton hitherto excels the other ports in her dock and in berthing accommodation, with the most complete facilities for loading and discharging cargo. There is also a commodious dock at Port Chalmers or Dunedin, the trade of which place is next in amount to that of Auckland. The fine steam-ships of the Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company, and of the New Zealand Shipping Company, make the passage to or from England in less than forty days.

The New Zealand Government is ably represented in England by its Agent-General, Sir Francis Dillon Bell, K.C.M.G., with the official secretary, Mr. Walter Kennaway, formerly a member of the Canterbury Provincial Government; its offices are at 7, Westminster-chambers, Victoria-street, S.W.

#### WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 29, 1880) of Mr. George Hedley, late of Burnhopeside, in the county of Durham, coal-owner, who died on July 2 last, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was proved on Aug. 27 by William Hedley, the brother, Robert Lamb Armstrong, and Mark Archer, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £127,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the clergyman and churchwardens of the parish of Newburn, Northumberland, upon trust, to apply the dividends in the purchase of clothing, blankets, and coals to be distributed among the poor communicants of the said parish; and there is a like legacy of £500 to the clergyman and churchwardens of the parish of Lanchester, in the county of Durham, for a similar purpose; £5000, upon trust, for his godson, Claude William Hedley Bell; and numerous legacies to his executors, clerks, servants, and others. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his brother, William.

The will (dated May 28, 1886) of the Rev. William Henry Edmeades, late of Nurstead Court, Kent, who died on June 13 last, was proved on Aug. 27 last by Henry Edmeades and James Frederick Edmeades, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testator gives the mansion house and premises, Nurstead Court, with the furniture, plate, pictures, and effects, all other his messuages, farms, and tenements, and the advowsons of Nurstead and Ifield to his eldest surviving son, Henry. He bequeaths £100 each to the Gravesend Dispensary or Hospital, and the Society for Providing Additional Curates; £50 each to the Brompton Hospital for Consumptive Patients, the Hospital for Incurables, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Church Missionary Society; and legacies to the trustees of his marriage settlement, servants, and others. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, in equal shares, to his surviving sons and the children of any that may be dead.

The will (dated Sept. 13, 1882), with a codicil (dated Dec. 15 following), of Mrs. Anne Campbell, late of Buscot Park, Berks, who died on April 29 last, was proved on the 2nd ult. by James Orr, the brother, and William Henry Campbell, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £21,000. The testatrix bequeathes annuities to her sons, Arthur and Stuart, during the life of her husband, and legacies to servants. The remainder of the income of the residue of her separate estate she leaves to her husband, Mr. Robert Campbell, for life, and at his death she gives the said residue equally to her said two sons, Arthur and Stuart.

The will (dated April 3, 1886) of Colonel Adolphus Ulick Wombwell, formerly of the 12th Lancers, late of No. 10, Upper Brook-street, who died on June 21 last, was proved on Aug. 30 by George Alfred Bond, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £17,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Caroline Wombwell; and there is a legacy to the governess of his daughter. All the manors, messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments, being freehold of inheritance, held by him under settlement, and all other his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold estate, and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves, upon trust, to make up his wife's income, with what she is entitled to under settlement, to £2000 per annum, and to pay annuities to his two brothers, Henry Herbert and Frederick. Subject thereto, he settles same upon his son, and in default of a son, on his daughters; and, failing them, to be divided between his own nephews and nieces.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1879) of Mr. Charles Zachary Macaulay, formerly of St. James' square, Bath, but late of No. 30, South Parade, Southsea, who died on Aug. 7 last, was proved on the 4th ult. by Mrs. Mary Macaulay, the widow, Charles Trevelyan Macaulay, the son, and Charles Booth, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testator bequeathes his plate, pictures, furniture, and effects, and the balance at his banker's, to his wife; and the residue of his personal estate, upon trust, for her, for life. At his wife's death he makes up the portion of his daughter, Mrs. Booth, to £10,000. The ultimate residue of his personal estate and all his real estate he gives to his said son.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Dec. 15, 1885) of the Right Rev. Henry Cotterill, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Edinburgh, late of No. 56, Manor-place, Edinburgh, who died on April 16 last, granted to Mrs. Anna Isabella Cotterill, the widow, the Rev. George Edward Cotterill, Henry Bernard Cotterill, and Joseph Montagu Cotterill, the sons; and the Rev. Joseph Northland Cotterill, the executors nominate, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £7000.

Mr. Wheatley Balme has given an additional £1000 to the Wakefield Bishopric Fund.

#### ACROSS BUTE.

Tea is over—the large eggs, snowy scones, and home-made cheese, that loaded the table half-an-hour ago, have been satisfactorily demolished; the full-bodied brown teapot has yielded its final drop, and the crofter's warm-hearted wife is at last time to go, for there is a nine miles' tramp across the island. Wait a little! The good woman and her husband will see us to the hill by a short path through their fields. She will "just put a peat on the fire first." How sweet the air is in the doorway, and how peaceful is the hour! The sun is just setting beyond the Cantyre hills, and out there, over the water, the lonely peaks of Arran are purple green sky, and the calm sea stirs but at intervals with the incoming of the tide. The tan-brown sails of the fishing-boats that came out of Loch Ranza an hour ago have hardly moved a mile yet up Kilbrannan Sound. The rocks have gone home to the Mount Stuart woods, the whirr of the reaping-machine in the cornfield over there has ceased, all the air is still. The grey smoke rising from thatched roofs here and there in the little strath tells that the evening meal is being prepared. Presently the darkness will come down, and the simple crofter hamlet by the shore will sink to rest. And the weary and the disappointed, soiled with the dust of the far-off city, striving all their lives after what they will never win, have forgotten that sweet bread may be earned on the cornlands and fair fish caught in the sea, that there is music for listening here by the murmuring brooks, and rest in the setting of the sun.

Soft shadows are gathering in the hollows of the hills, and the road rising inland through the quiet moors shows its white winding line among the heather. This wandering by-path, too, among the fields is pleasant. Fitches are flowering yet, purple and yellow, in the hedges, as well as the delicate harebell—bluebell of Scotland—on the bank below. The wild poppies have mostly seeded now, but here and there a spot of flame tells where a late bloom lingers. Among the feathered grasses in this untouched corner of the field rich heads of the pink clover are still to be seen, and creamy tufted clouds of meadow-sweet rise on their dark stems. Above, amid the prickly sprays of wild brier, the glossy hips are already a bright yellow, and on the uncut branches of the thorn clustering bunches of haws are becoming brown. Along the straight "rigs" of the cornfield here, where the crofter was shearing to-day, the dusky stocks of oats stand in long rows. How healthy the crofter's children look as they pick their way with bare feet along the grassy edge of the stubble-field. No one need wonder that their cheeks and legs are so chubby and brown; for they get their school holidays in harvest-time, and have been helping their father, all day long, to bind his sheaves. Both boy and girl have caught the clear blue of heaven in their eyes; and the straying locks of their bonnetless hair are just the yellow colour of the corn. Donald, here, will make a sturdy ploughman some day; and that wild Lizzie will soon be a strapping lass. Theirs are the free air of the mountain, the lusty bowl of porridge, and thick broth of stalwart kale.

The road lies close beyond this plantation. But, take care! the ground is boggy here, and one may sink over the boot-head in the soft peat. Step on the tussocks of grass, though, and the footing will be firm enough. In the late light, the higher branches of the pines up there among their dark green foliage are as red as copper: it is the colour of the rich new bark. Not a blade of grass springs beneath the firs, and the floor of the wood is soft and dry under foot with its carpet of brown fallen needles. Only the green feathered fronds of solitary bracken rise here and there in the spaces. The wood ends at the road, and our little friendly escort need come no further. A hearty hand-shake, then, from the crofter, a kindly God-speed from his wife, a laugh and retreat by Lizzie at suggestion of a kiss, and as we scale the mossy dyke, they turn back among the trees. A comfortable, contented couple they are, rearing children that will be healthy and strong as themselves. After all, is not this the existence that best fulfils life's real ends? As he cares for the patient beast and reaps the autumn corn, a man need not be told to glorify God; and here, under sunshine and starshine, where the fruitful earth smells fresh with the rainfall and the dew, he cannot help enjoying Him.

The winding line of telegraph-poles that mark the road can be seen stretching away for miles among the hills. The sun has set now, and night, falling earlier in the late autumn, is coming down. It is the gloaming hour. Out of the grass-field here by the roadside the trailing-footed kine, with patient eyes and deep udders, are turning down the hill towards their byre. Their satisfied breathing fills the air as they pass with the warm sweet scent of clover. The red-cheeked farm lass fastens the gate-hurdle to its post when the last beast has gone, and slowly follows it homewards. A comely lass she is, with eyes like the sloe, and teeth like milk, and doubtless her sweetheart knows she has a soft voice and a dewy lip. This is the traditional courting time in the country—

'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,  
When the kye come hame.'

Not another creature is to be seen on the upland road; only now and again the lonely cry of the curlew is still to be heard far off upon the moor. The last field is passed, and the last shieling lies behind in the valley. The air is full of the honey-scent of the heather, but the last belated bee hummed homewards half an hour ago.

The summit of the climb at last! Look! Down there on the left, dark and silent under the hills, lies Loch Fad with, on the far edge of it, a glimmer of silver, the reflection of the full-orbed moon. Could the birth of Aphrodite be fairer, as she rose from the soft sea of the south? Hark! too, there is the sound of lingering footfalls on the road in front, and the murmur of a deep bass voice. The voice suddenly ceases, and two figures linked together drift past in the dusk. Just a glimpse of shy, happy eyes can be seen—a glimpse worth remembering—and the outline of a modest face. It is the old, old story. The lovely Pagan goddess of the far Aegean has worshippers still among these simple-hearted people of the hills.

Civilisation, however, is approaching, and cultivated fields begin to occupy the strath. A hawk, beating about with broken wing, has alarmed the birds here; peewees are startling the night with their untimely cries, and their white breasts ever and anon glance by the roadside. Was that faint sound the first bell of the steamer? There is little time to linger. Yonder, though, are the clustered lights of Rothesay; presently the bright firepoints of the yachts at anchor in the bay appear; the old chapel and its graveyard of stones moulder within their wall is passed—a somewhat eerie place under these dark trees by the roadside;—then, half-way among the quaint houses of the old town, with their jutting gables, the ancient castle—grey, silent, moated. With threatening clamour the second bell rings up from the steamer, and, with a wild rush down through the newer town and across the fashionable esplanade amid the dazzling lights and fair promenades of a seaside resort, there is only time to reach the pier and get on board before the last bell rings and the moorings are thrown off.

G. E.T.

## HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

### A DAY IN ASIA MINOR.

The roads of Constantinople seemed to have achieved the summum of foot-torturing badness, but they are nothing compared with the roads on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. These all appear to have been the scenes of Titanic battles in the stone age, and remain strewn with the boulders and pointed blocks which the giants flung at each other. And over these roads you jolt and rattle along, up hill and down hill, through dirty villages, through graveyards planted with tall cypress trees, for miles and miles. Our starting-point was Kadi-Keni, which we reached by means of a steamer from Constantinople. At Kadi-Keni we hired a Victoria, drawn by two scraggy ponies, and driven by an eagle-faced ruffian, clad in many-coloured rags and wearing a red fez. The ponies trotted and galloped and walked, and the carriage bounded from stone to stone, and we went up and down, through a winding road which finally led us to a mountain top some 700 ft. above the point from which we had started. On this windy mountain, sitting on low stools, under the welcome shade of a gnarled old cypress, we drank our tiny cups of coffee, and contemplated a panorama of surpassing magnificence. To the left, in the valley, the caravan road to Bagdad wound along the solitary houseless tract like a colossal yellow serpent, losing itself amidst the low hills that swept away in tiers, one behind the other, until they vanished from sight in the blue haze of the distance, or dwindled away into the sparkling sea. Before us lay the sea, and beyond, the point of St. Stefano, Stamboul, with its mosques and minarets, Galata, Pera, the whole mass of mosques, palaces, houses, and shipping that lines the Golden Horn and forms the marvellous ensemble of Constantinople. Further to the right, the Bosphorus, with its waterside palaces and hill-climbing villages, zigzagged its way between the mountains towards the Black Sea. And all this panorama glistened in the brilliant sunlight, and the water looked like green and silver glass, and the domes and minarets stood out like brilliant points in this colossal fairy jewel. The view is so vast, so magnificent, so full of historical interest that one would fain contemplate it for hours.

Descending from the mountain, we passed through clumps of wooden Turkish houses and clouds of dust, until we entered the Turkish cemetery at Scutari, an interminable forest of cypress trees and tombstones crowned with fezes and turbans—a most neglected, lugubrious, and yet not desolate place, for in the midst of it is a house for lepers, and on the borders are houses and cafés. The Turks do not seem to consider a cemetery a sad look-out, and so at Scutari, as at Constantinople, they build their houses so as to get a fine view of the mouldering grave-stones, which were once perpendicular, but are now inclining at every possible angle. Arrived at one of these cemetery cafés we dismissed our ramshackle carriage, and sat down on low stools to take our coffee. The café was a picturesque wooden house with a fountain in front, and a trellis arbour, grown over with vines and jessamine. Under this trellis we sat, surrounded by a ring of mangy, leprous, and flea-bitten dogs, and rubbed elbows with a lazy, lounging, ragged set of Turks, who were smoking their nargilehs, and, like ourselves, waiting for the howling dervishes to begin their performance.

The dervishes proved to be the most interesting part of our programme. Their house, a sort of monastery, stood close by the café, at the end of the main street of Scutari. It is an ordinary Turkish wooden house, surrounded by a garden and by the private graveyard of the dervishes. You pass through a court shaded by trailing vines; and when the preliminary prayers are over, a curtain is raised, and the giaoours are admitted to the sanctuary. This is a large square room, surrounded by galleries on three sides, half of which are fenced in with fine lattice-work, and form the *serail*, where the Mohammedan women go to see without being seen. The rest of the gallery is open to ordinary spectators. On the ground-floor beneath the galleries is a promenade, part of which is reserved for Turks and part for Franks, and this promenade is separated from the rest of the floor by a low balustrade. Within this balustrade are the dervishes. The floor is smooth, and around it are strewn sheep-skin rugs. At the end towards Mecca the wall is hung with emblems, inscriptions from the Koran, skewers, chains, spikes, and various instruments of torture, and in the middle of the wall is a niche which constitutes, as it were, the altar. Around the galleries are hung large tambourines; and the ceiling and all the woodwork are painted a light aesthetic green, picked out with stripes of café-au-lait colour. The sun shines in through the open windows; you see the trees and vines waving in the garden; and the general aspect of the room is gay, and delightfully soft and delicate in colour.

When we giaoours were admitted, the chief dervish and fifteen or sixteen other dervishes were prostrated with their heads on the ground towards Mecca, and for nearly half an hour they continued praying and bowing, and swaying to and fro, and reciting the Koran in a twanging nasal tone. Their costume was varied. The *iman* wore an ample black gown and a black turban rolled round a drab fez; his acolytes wore turbans and robes of different colours—carmine, green, puce, yellow; the other dervishes wore a white under-robe, a black caftan, and a black-and-white cap in the form of a turban. From the point of view of a colourist, the effect of the groups was very pleasing.

After the preliminary prayers, one of the acolytes, seated in the middle of the floor, put his right hand to his cheek as if he were suffering from excruciating toothache and howled forth a kind of litany, to which the dervishes, ranged in a line, responded in unison, swaying their bodies to and fro more and more violently, and shouting "Allah-hou! Allah-hou!" The swaying and howling continued thus for half-an-hour, until they were all in a violent perspiration. Then there was a pause, and a fat acolyte in a puce robe came and gave each dervish a white cotton skull-cap in exchange for his turban. Then the man with the toothache began to howl the litany once more, and the dervishes began a series of more violent gymnastic exercises. They stood up in a row, shoulder to shoulder, swayed their bodies towards the ground, then backwards, then to the right hand, and then to the left, their heads swinging loosely, their eyes closed for the most part. This exercise in four movements grew more and more rapid as the ecstasy of the dervishes became more complete; the floor shook with the dull thud of their heels; from time to time, one of the spectators, hypnotised by the sound and the rhythmic movement, stepped into the inclosure, and joined the ranks, and soon the incessant cry of "Allah-hou!" developed into a furious roar, exactly like the roaring of a cage of hungry lions. During a full hour these dervishes swayed and roared, producing sounds such as no other human lungs could produce, swaying and swinging their bodies in unison till their thin faces became livid with ecstasy and sweat. The noise was literally terrifying; one expected the whole room to fall in under this horrible clamour as the walls of Jericho fell at the sound of Israel's trumpets. The faces of the dervishes became convulsed, epileptic, illuminated with strange smiles.

An odour of perspiration filled the room, like the odour of a menagerie. And meanwhile the *iman*, with his delicate ascetic face, remained calm and impassive, his lips moving in silent prayer, his hands encouraging the enthusiasts with pious gestures. At the end of an hour's incessant howling and swaying the excitement of the dervishes was at its height. Every moment you expected to see one fall exhausted. But no; they continued to quicken their movements as their cries became hoarser and more inarticulate. Then children were brought in and laid on the floor, three or four, side by side, and the *iman* walked over them. Then grown men threw themselves down on the floor, and the *iman* walked over them; and they rose and walked away in joy, believing that this salutary imposition of feet would cure them of their ills. Finally, babes were brought in, and the *iman* walked over their frail bodies, supported this time by two acolytes, in order to render the pressure light. Then, at a sign from the *iman*, the dervishes ceased howling and swaying, and began to wipe their perspiring faces, while a final prayer was recited. Then all walked out calmly to their rooms in the monastery; and the ceremony was over. I never saw a spectacle more savage, strange, and exciting, and I never saw faces more calm, dignified, and even majestically beautiful than the faces of some of these howling dervishes of Scutari.

T. C.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.*  
B G L (Stroud-green).—We hope to hear from you in relation to 1. Q to K 2nd.

C P.—We have not space here, but shall be glad to write to you on the subject if you will send your precise address.

T P (Camden Town).—Your first letter must have miscarried. To organise a club tournament is a simple matter when you have got your competitors together. If these are not numerous, fix your evenings for play, and let each competitor play one or two games with every other; the highest score taking the prize, if one is provided.

J H P (Kensington).—Problems founded solely on the promotion of a Pawn to a Knight can have no interest for any readers of this column who have studied Mr. H W Sherratt's problem, published by us a few months ago.

PHENOMENON.—Don't you think a good title for the correspondence when published would be the "Clapham Daily Mail"?

E J W W (Croydon).—Many thanks for the little book. It shall have due honours next week.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2210 received from Amateur (Hayanna), L R Tomanec (Madeira); of No. 2211 from H J S (Bath); of No. 2212 from F G Gibbons (Tidus); of Nos. 2213 to 2215 from Pierce Jones and John C Brenner; of No. 2214 from Alpha L H R, H V Crane, B M Smith (Gastein), Peterhouse, Edward James Gibbons jun., W J Greenwood, W D Wyke, and E G Boyce.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2215 received from E Casella (Paris), Hereward R Tweddell, A Thinnerman, Jupiter Junor, H Reeve, E Featherstone, R H Brooks, H T H, Julia Smith, H V Crane, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, W Hillier, G E P, Commander W L Martin (R.N.), Otto Fuider (Ghent), C Oswald, Jack, Ben Nevis, J Wyman, Neria, the Rev. Winfield Cooper, W Heathcote, J A Schmucke, G W Law, E Elsbury, J K (South Hampstead), H Lucas, Laura Greaves, R L Southwell, L Falcon (Antwerp), H Wardell, Peterhouse, A C Hunt, E Loudon, Mac George, C Darragh, T Roberts, R L Southwell, Joseph Ainsworth, E E H, N S Harris, Edmund Field, Shadow, W D Wyke, W R Railton, Richard Murphy (Wexford), Little Bits, The Phenomenon (Clapham), T G (Ware), W B Smith, Columbus, and Frank E Purchas.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2214.

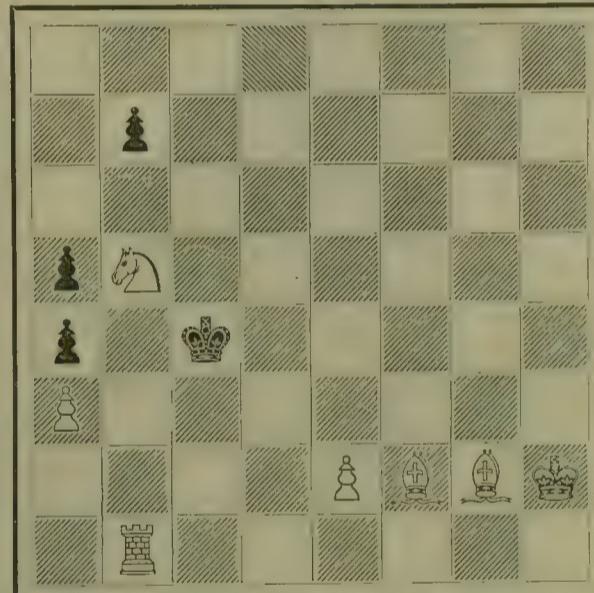
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to B 3rd	B takes P
2. K to B 4th	K takes P
3. Q mates.	

NOTE.—If Black play 1. B to R 8th, White continues with 2. K to Q 3rd; if 1. B to B 6th, then 2. Q to R 6th, &c.

## PROBLEM NO. 2217.

By FRANK HEALEY.

## BLACK.



## WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Before his departure for America Captain MACKENZIE showed us several of his brief and brilliant games. Of these we remember the following Gamelet, played against Mr. THOMPSON, of New York.

## (King's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Capt. M.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Capt. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
2. P to K 4th	P takes P	10. B to Q 3rd	R to Q Kt sq
3. Kt to K 3rd	P to K 4th	11. R to K B sq	Q takes Q P (ch)
4. P to Q 4th	P to K 5th	12. K takes Q	B to Kt 2nd (ch)
5. Kt to K 5th	Q to R 5th (ch)	13. P to K 5th	B takes P (ch)
6. K to Q 2nd	Q to B 7th (ch)	14. K to K 4th	Kt to B 3rd
7. K to B 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd		Mate.
8. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd		

Mr. B. G. Laws points out a remarkable resemblance between Mr. Townsend's problem, No. 2215, and one by Mr. F. W. Martindale, the well-known American problemist, published so far back as 1872. The idea common to both problems is not original in the case of either of the authors mentioned, for it is practically the same as that embodied in the "Indian" which for many months garnished the cover of the *Chessplayers' Chronicle*, forty years ago. The "poor Indian" has been adapted, in one way or another, by many of our best composers, notably by Healey and Wormald, and there is nothing singular in the circumstance that Messrs. Townsend and Martindale should have tried their skilled hands upon it. The singularity of the case is that position, pieces, and idea are nearly identical. Appended is Mr. Martindale's problem, which our readers can, if they are interested in coincidences, compare with No. 2215:—

White: K at Q Kt 6th, R at K B 6th, B at Q Kt 4th; Pawns at K 4th, Q 2nd, Q B 2nd and 4th. (Seven pieces.)

Black: K at Q 5th; Pawns at K 4th and Q Kt 2nd. (Three pieces.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.

No information of the proceedings of the Irish Chess Association meeting at Belfast, which was arranged to be held during the week ending Sept. 25, has come to hand, save that among the competitors for the principal prize are Messrs. Blackburne, Burne, and Pollock. The local riots must have greatly interfered with the success of the meeting, as few persons are likely to have been attracted to Belfast in the face of the probability of martyrdom in the cause of chess. Mr. Blackburne is an old campaigner, however, having, in 1870, opened the chess battle of Baden-Baden with the sound of the war-trumpet and the thunder of artillery in his ears, and may, therefore, be trusted to be unmoved by stone-throwing; but less experienced chessplayers have probably preferred going home to tea.

Early yesterday week the new steamer Mandover, on her maiden trip to Bombay, was run down in the Channel by the German steamer Matilda, and her crew and one passenger had a narrow escape. They were picked up and conveyed to Dover.

## TWO NOVELS.

What sort of light is given by the stars of foreign literature should be known, as far as it is possible, to English readers; and for that reason, if for no other, a welcome ought always to await such works as *A Hero of Our Time*: by M. U. Lermontoff (Ward and Downey), an exotic production "translated from the Russian, with Life and Introduction by R. I. Lipmann," a translator who has had some previous experience in this field of industry. Lermontoff was a star of Russian literature, not greatly inferior in magnitude and brilliancy (it is thought by his admirers) to his celebrated predecessor, Pushkin. Both he and Pushkin served in the army, and it was the fate of both to fall in a duel at an age when authors of less fire-eating propensities might be reasonably expected to favour the world with still further and higher proofs of their already well-established genius. Both the aforesaid authors were under the spell of Lord Byron, and, whether in their poetry or their prose, showed unmistakable signs of the master-spirit which had dominated them. It is not a hero of our time, then, not a hero of these latter days (when Byronism is not the fashion), but a hero of Lermontoff's own time, that is depicted in the volume under consideration. It is not by any means a pleasant hero (and, indeed, Lermontoff himself, who seems—like Byron—to have generally sat for the various portraits he drew, cannot have been the most pleasant of associates at a small tea-party or any other gathering) that, under the name of Petshorin, is most conspicuous among the characters introduced into the book; but he is striking and interesting after the fashion of "the Corsair," and "Lara," and "Cain," and all that breed of men, who scorn the base idea of being as other men are in sentiment, or deed, or language, and, having said to themselves "Evil, be thou my good," decline to take a cheerful view of life, or to look with a charitable eye upon humanity, its actions, and its motives. The book is full of cleverness, and it seems to have been translated with considerable knowledge and skill; it is of course, however, impossible to reproduce in a translation the many literary graces and felicitous touches for which the original may have been remarkable. English readers will be especially attracted by the local colouring, and by the unconscious revelation of habits, manners, and customs familiar enough to the author, but entirely new to them.

How thrilling and exciting are some of the situations and scenes which may be confidently looked forward to by readers of *Splendid Shackles*: by an anonymous author (John and Robert Maxwell), can be inferred from the mere "headings" of a few chapters. Appetite must surely be whetted by such tempting and significant morsels as "Jael" (recalling to mind the hospitable treatment accorded to Sisera), "Death from natural causes," "Not fame, but infamy," "Another castle fallen," "Bluebeard's chamber," "Now might I do it," "The Countess plays with fire," "The death of the first-born," "The crack of doom," "A silent secret," "Imprisoned in the East Tower," "The bloody panel," "I could murder you where you stand!" "Not I, but thou his blood dost shed," "The challenge," and "The duel." These few specimens must be admitted to be full of promise, suggestive of something "creepy" to come; and it must be acknowledged that the promise is not altogether unfulfilled, although the expectant vampire may not eventually sup quite full of horrors. The interest of the romance lies chiefly in the direction of a mystery similar to that which hung about the historical Chevalier d'Eon; but any reader who desires to remain mystified for any great length of time will have to "make believe" very much indeed. A bolder and, at the same time, a more transparent case of "tampering with babies" has seldom been attempted in fiction; and it soon appears that there is but one explanation of the secret. But all this does not prevent the author from exhibiting a notable amount of dramatic power, a certain gift of story-telling, a realisation of passionate feeling, and an exuberant fund of language. "Nemo repente fuit turpissimus" has long been held to be a very true saying; but this novel teaches diametrically opposite doctrine; it is remarkable above all for the suddenness and completeness of the perversion described. Original, ingenious, and, in parts, very vigorously written as the story is, it is altogether preposterous. But that will matter little if it serves its purpose of astounding as well as entertaining the reader, who will marvel greatly at the ways of the aristocracy, one with another and with their servants, at the curious diction employed, at the wide and convenient prevalence of heart-disease, and at the deliciously absurd nature of the proceedings in general.

After the undoubtedly truthful sketch of "Marjorie Fleming," published by the late Dr. John Brown (author of "Rab and his Friends"), there is no saying to what degree of amusing as well as astonishing precocity an intelligent little girl may or may not attain; but certainly *Views of English Society*: by "A Little Girl of Eleven" (Field and Tuer), makes a large demand upon credulity, if you are expected to give credit to what is implied rather than expressly stated on the title-page: you must "make believe a great deal," if you are to accept as anything but a pleasantry that the short essays and the illustrations are both, or either of them, the result of unassisted or even assisted efforts on the part of a mere child. So far as the illustrations are concerned, an obvious criticism to offer is that they are too "clean" for a little girl who cannot sign her name without so many—large and small—blots. As regards the essays, an equally obvious criticism to offer is that there is too much method about them, that the orthography is too unexceptionable, and that some of the words and expressions are too "bookish" for so young a writer as the pretended essayist; that the air is altogether too elderly. Compare the style of "Marjorie Fleming" who, it is true, was very much younger, but, one would say, very much cleverer, and more original. Perhaps the age of eleven was chosen for various reasons not difficult to imagine, and among which may have been a desire to fore-stall any objections that might be made on the score of pettiness and superficiality, for the remarks, though wonderfully shrewd sometimes for a child, are occasionally very poor and small for an adult. The "views," however, are decidedly entertaining on the whole; and more of the same kind, with similar illustrations and under the same assumption of childhood (if it be an assumption), will probably meet with considerable acceptance.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Ardagh has issued an address to the clergy and laity of his diocese, exhorting the people to be patient, not to join secret societies, and not to commit crime.

Photographic art is now so widely diffused, and the number of persons who have taken it up for use or amusement has so largely increased, that Messrs. Marion and Co.'s new edition of their "Practical Guide to Photography" cannot fail to be extensively appreciated. It is brought down to date, and includes all the latest improvements. The directions given are so practical and so devoid of technicalities, that anyone quite unacquainted with photography might take up the book and, without farther assistance, acquire a knowledge of the beautiful and fascinating art which forms the subject of it.

## COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: NEW ZEALAND.

## A RAMBLE THROUGH THE NEW ZEALAND COURT.

The Exhibition Rambler has a store of pleasant surprises in "Col-India." None more delightful than that which is afforded by a stroll northward from the quaint Old London street of Dick Whittington's period, past the south-west basin, and into the charming Fernery of New Zealand. A Fairlight Glen in beauty is this semi-realisation of a New Zealand fern gully, inspection of one conspicuous object in which, however, recalls the melancholy saying of the Maoris—"As foreign clover is killing our ferns, so the Maori will disappear before the white man."

Fortunate enough to have as guide an accomplished Past Master in Great Exhibitions, the erudite and active Mr. Peter Lund Simmonds, F.L.S., invaluable Secretary to the New Zealand Commission, we pause on the summit of the Fernery opposite the Maori Tomb of the Arawa Chief, Waata Taranui, one of the interesting native curiosities brought over by Dr. Walter L. Buller, C.M.G., F.R.S. This wooden tomb is painted brown and black, is surmounted by grotesque wooden figures, and embellished with the iridescent "ear-shells" and tufts of white feathers so freely used in ornamentation by the New Zealanders. Quitting this wealth of ferns somewhat reluctantly, and following our nimble circone into the bright and varied court itself, we soon have ample proof that the Executive Commissioners, Sir Francis Dillon Bell, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for the colony, and Sir Julius Von Haast, K.C.M.G., F.R.S., one of the most eminent and famous Naturalists of our time, have secured an admirable representation of the products and manufactures and natural history of New Zealand.

The Maoris (supposed to have settled in New Zealand some six hundred years ago from the "Hawaiki" Islands, in the Pacific) have the southern section of the court entirely devoted to them. Dr. W. L. Buller is a prominent exhibitor here. He has, in the first place, adorned the walls with M. G. Lindauer's vivid paintings of well-tattooed chiefs, among which we recognise an excellent portrait of our old friend Tawhiao, the Maori King, whose recent visit to London will not be forgotten. Tawhiao does not lack humour. Chancing to drop into the Savage Club during his stay here, the Maori King happened to occupy a seat next the late Dr. Pope, one of the most corpulent men in London. With a twinkle in his eyes, possibly stimulated by the cannibalistic tastes of an ancestor, the Maori King cast an admiring glance at the rotund form beside him and, turning to the present writer, exclaimed, "Kahpi!" which I understood to be Maori for "Very good!" At any rate, poor Dr. Pope (unwilling to serve as a Maori meal) speedily sank into a chair at the other end of the smoking-room. "In this connection," one examines with particular attention Mr. Lindauer's likeness of "Matene Te Matuku, a former Man-Eater." Fortune-hunters, for their part, may prefer to gaze at the same artist's portrait of the comely "Ruruhihi Karena, a Maori Heiress." The

carved Pataka, or Maori store-house, for which the public is also indebted to Dr. Buller, is delineated among our Illustrations. Wearing the usual mat in shawl-fashion, a native woman is modelled in the act of gathering provisions from this storehouse, which is brightened here and there with

the familiar "ear-shell." The ethnological collection is altogether very valuable. Here are to be seen in cases Maori war trumpets, greenstone weapons and greenstone ornaments, a sheaf of beautifully-carved war weapons, the model of a war canoe, a goodly array of hand-made and dyed flaxen mats, used by natives as garments; precious relics of the feathers of the moa; beautifully-carved wooden boxes for preserving provisions; handsome feather mats; and a rich variety of old stone implements used by the Maoris. Ere we leave these native exhibits, not without admiration for the artistic instincts of the natives who now obey the rule of her Majesty, it is satisfactory to learn, on the high authority of the Hon. Robert Stout, Premier and Attorney-General, and formerly Minister of Education in New Zealand, that latterly "the native schools have been doing really effective work; and



THE TUATARA AND MUTTON BIRDS, INHABITING THE SAME BURROW.



KARAPO, OR GROUND PARROT.



KEA, OR MOUNTAIN PARROT.



SECTION OF KAURI PINE.



KAURI PINE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



THE "VEGETABLE SHEEP."

## COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: NEW ZEALAND.



A VICTIM OF THE KEA.—FROM A PAINTING BY G. SHERIFF.

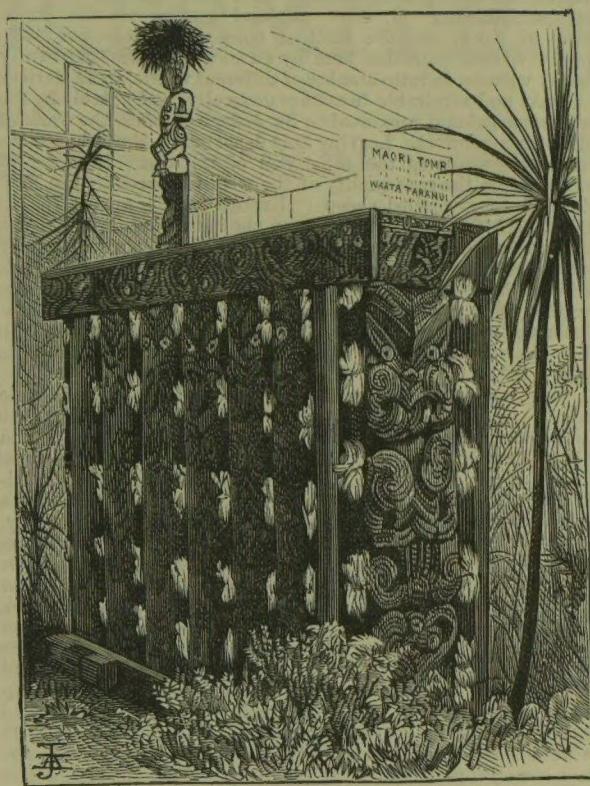
I believe that the colony is greatly indebted to the efforts of Mr. Pope, the Organising Inspector. We have sixty-five native village schools, in charge of 115 teachers and work-mistresses, and the cost, including buildings, was about £15,500 last year [1884]. The Maoris, in providing for their own education, have been most generous. They invariably give their sites free—in this respect they are sometimes more generous than Europeans—and they gave in the past large tracts of land to be held in trust for the education of their children. There are 2226 attending the schools, of whom 1834 are Maoris, half-castes, or between Maori and half-castes; and these numbers show an increase notwithstanding the decrease of the race."

In the instructive geological section, Mr. Simmonds first calls attention to the raised models of the North and South Islands and Stewart's Island, which form the fruitful and temperate Britain of the South, to which the Dutch name of New Zealand has been given. The large and serviceable geological and statistical maps are next pointed out, and well merit the passing praise bestowed upon them. There are about

less enthusiastic in dilating on the stands of antimony, copper ore, and smelted copper; on the prevalence of iron ores in the colony, on the exhibits of silver ore ("270 oz. to the ton," he whispers, in a tone of rapt admiration), and on the large and fine blocks of coal in the Fernery from the Wallsend Colliery, Greymouth, and from the Granite Greek Colliery ("Seam of fifty-three feet!" he exclaims). And it may be mentioned, apropos, that the output of the New Zealand coal-mines up to the end of 1884 was 3,005,120 tons.

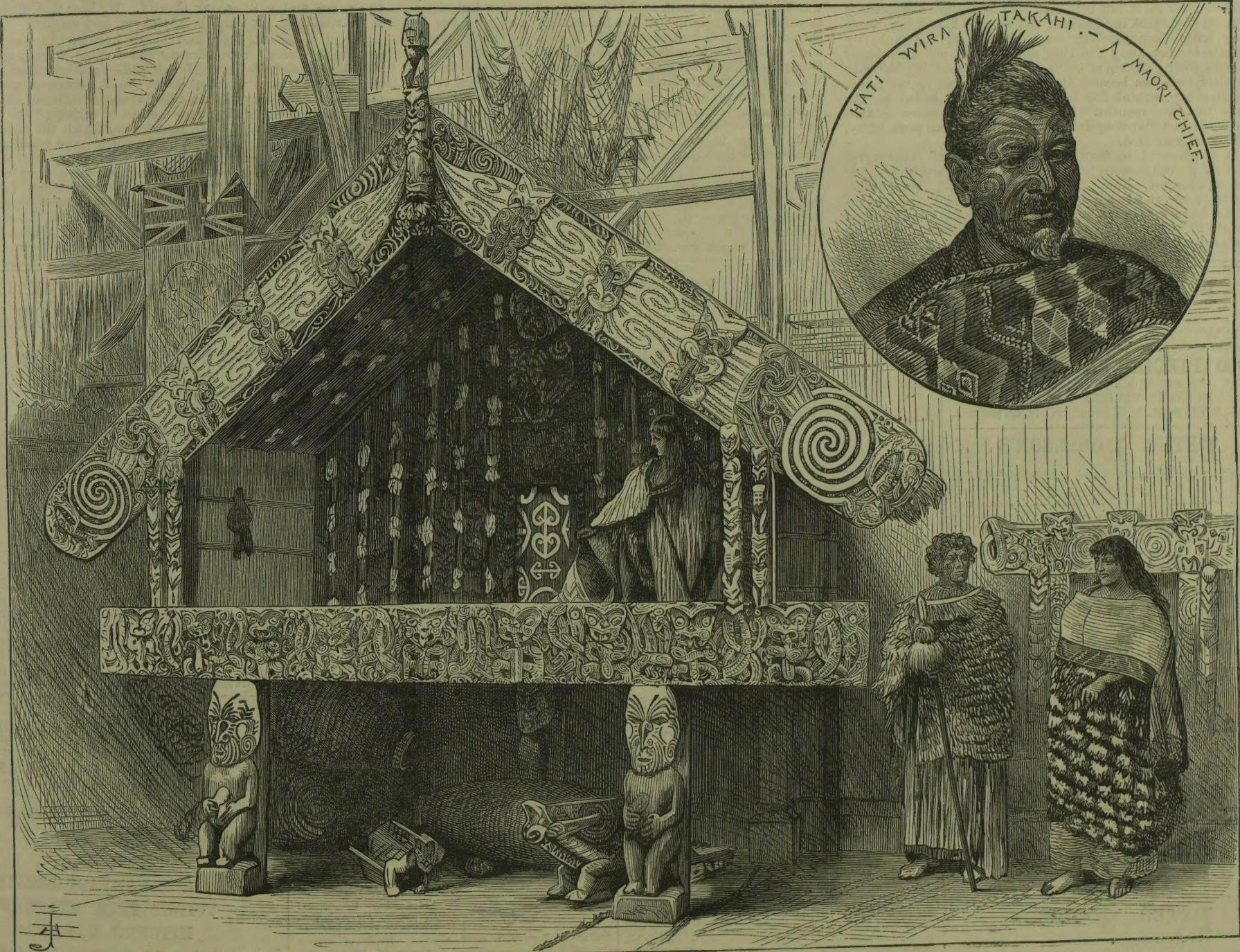
Re-entering the court, we come to a full stop in front of the section of the trunk of the colossal Kauri pine; and Mr. Simmonds shows a piece of timber containing the gum it yields prolifically, and then indicates the photograph, which affords some notion of the great height attained by this monarch of the forest. There are giants in these days. Finest tree in New Zealand, the Kauri grows to an altitude of 120 ft. to 160 ft., has a diameter at the base of 10 ft. to 20 ft., the massive trunk sometimes attaining a height of 80 ft. to 100 ft. before branching. Kauri is most useful. Its timber is in great request for spars and masts, the planking of ships, and

a score of cases of New Zealand minerals and stones. But the rambler who inclines to skim the cream of the Exhibition without too great an expenditure of time may elect to gather his information from the commanding trophies, which are indicated in the general view of the New Zealand Court. Eyes involuntarily glisten at sight of the huge gilded monoliths which stand for the total export of New Zealand gold up to 1885—value £42,327,907—and sparkle yet more in face of the safeguarded case of golden quartz, nuggets, and fine alluvial gold. One is informed by the communicative living encyclopaedia who courteously acts as pilot that gold was discovered in the colony in 1842; but that it was not till 1852 that the gold-mines of Coromandel first attracted attention to the district of Cape Colville Peninsula, which forms the chief centre of true lode-mining operations in New Zealand. But the yield of gold therefrom has been small compared with the alluvial gold obtained from the auriferous sand since 1861 in Otago. With a keen eye for the natural riches of the soil, Mr. Simmonds is not a whit



MAORI TOMB, IN THE FERNERY.

for house furnishing; and at the Thames gold-field Kauri serves for mine-props. The Kauri pine grows north of Mercury Bay in the North Island. Its gum is usually found in fossils at the base of the trees. How admirably the Kauri gum is utilised for ornaments may be judged from an inspection of the cases of Mr. H. P. Barber and of Mr. E. B. Reynolds, of Auckland. Opposite, we find the large greenstone sent by Mr. John Hislop, Dunedin, and note a brisk sale going on in greenstone jewellery, the attendant in a fez (why fez?) holding up, with loyal pride, the fine greenstone watch-pendant, mounted in gold, and made for the Prince of Wales; while Mr. Simmonds whispers audibly that the Queen ordered a New Zealand greenstone paper-knife and scent-bottle. Close handy now to the towering Timber Trophy, the varieties of woods of the colony are enumerated, among the most high-prized being the aforesaid kauri, manuka, totara, black birch, kowhai, and



MAORI STORE-HOUSE, IN THE NATIVE SECTION.

matai; and Mr. Simmonds might be a Blundell Maple himself, so eloquent does he wax over the certainly exquisitely-finished pieces of furniture exhibited, masterpieces of deft cabinet-making and turning. As he says, the adaptability of New Zealand woods to the finest kind of work, and the skill of colonial artisans, are alike proved to demonstration here by an elegant table beautifully inlaid with an infinite number of different woods, and a variety of desks and admirable furniture generally, and notably by the handsome cabinet presented to Sir Joseph Hooker, the work of Mr. Anton Seuffert. Leaving this department, the indomitable Simmonds scuds to the other end of the court in order to expatriate on the rare quality of the wool produced by the New Zealand long-wooled sheep ("Export in '84 amounting to £3,267,527!"); and to dwell upon the increasing export of the frozen carcasses of sheep and lambs to England, cheap joints of which frozen meat are in great demand in the Colonial Market, held in the South Promenade of the Exhibition. As for the similarly fine grain exhibits, and especially the luxuriant specimens of native grasses, they are pegs on which to hang the fact that the exports of agricultural and farm produce rose from £262,930 in 1875 to £1,891,887 in 1884.

Were any venturesome Oliver Twist of to-day to intrude into the New Zealand Court, he would indubitably vary the Dickensian formula, and ask Mr. Simmonds for "Moa." And "Moa" would be readily supplied. For the "Moa" is the "lion" of Sir Julius Von Haast's superb Natural History Collection of New Zealand. Of course, Sir Julius Von Haast's skeletons of the Moa, the extinct ostrich-like bird of the colony, reminds our chatty guide of Sir Richard Owen's great achievement, that of building up a Moa, not exactly from his inner consciousness, but from a single bone sent home from New Zealand. In fine, we take our dessert off the Moa, and learn that this race of gigantic birds must have died out at an earlier date than the first Maori occupation of New Zealand, as the bones were found by Sir Julius Von Haast "deeply imbedded in the gravels and swamps, while the evidences of human occupation are confined to the surface-soil, shelter-caves, and sand dunes." Strolling round to admire Sir Julius Von Haast's valuable specimens of the Natural History of New Zealand, one finds something of interest at each step. Here, for instance, is the very peculiar mountain plant, aptly nicknamed "vegetable sheep" by the New Zealand shepherds, inasmuch as it unquestionably most closely resembles the wool of a sheep. This remarkable exhibit is illustrated, together with a few noteworthy birds, among them the grey aftyx, or kiwi (shown by Sir R. Herbert, K.C.B., with a diversity of other birds), the ground parrot, and kea or mountain parrot. With respect to the unnatural tastes developed by the last-named comely parrot, whose respectable looks belie him, the Rev. J. G. Wood has something apposite to say in *Longman's Magazine* for October:—"The introduction of the sheep has caused the development of a carnivorous bird, far more destructive, because more plentiful, than the eagle itself. This very unexpected foe is one of the long-beaked parrots peculiar to New Zealand (*Nestor notabilis*), popularly called the "kea," or mountain parrot. Just as the sparrow abandoned insects for fruits, grain, and flowers, the kea has reversed the process, and abandoned its normal vegetable diet in order to become a sheep-killer of the most confirmed atrocity. Like other criminals, it is a nocturnal bird, and not easily seen on account of its dark-green plumage. In 1868 it was noticed that the kea was in the habit of visiting the carcasses of sheep which were hung up for consumption, and eating the fat round the kidneys. Finding this fat very much to their taste, but not being able to procure a sufficiency of it, the birds took to attacking the sheep while living, never doing more than perching on the backs of the unhappy animals, tearing away the skin, and digging out the kidney fat with their pickaxes of beaks. In a few years this formerly harmless bird has become the curse of the sheep-run; and, not long ago, out of 300 fat sheep 200 were killed by the kea within five months. The natural consequence is that war has been declared against the kea, which, in all probability, will be exterminated."

It is pleasant to turn from this pirate of the parrot tribe to a comparatively "Happy Family"—namely, the tuatara, largest New Zealand reptile, and the native petrels and shearwaters, or "mutton-birds," which inhabit a burrow in common, as exemplified in the specimen brought from Karewa Island. These and a number of other feathered exhibits clearly indicate how engrossingly interesting

must be the Natural History Museum of Sir Julius Von Haast at Canterbury. The native tomb and native garments have been already cited as examples of the good use made of them by the Maoris for purposes of decorations. That birds' feathers may also be skilfully used for the comfort of civilised ladies is further shown in the attractive case of charming muffs from bitterns, white molly-mocks, pheasants, and Paradise ducks, which excited the admiration of the Queen and the Princess of Wales so much that her Majesty and her Royal Highness have ordered sets of the choicest. I think I have now referred to all the objects of

## MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"A History of Music," by J. F. Rowbotham (Trübner and Co.), Vols. I. and II. These are instalments of a work (consisting of three volumes) which promises to be, when completed, of permanent value. The elaborate histories of Burney and Hawkins were for many years the only extensive works of the kind in the English language; and, necessarily from their date, left untouched the great development of modern music. A history was recently issued by Mr. W. S. Rockstro, bringing down the record to the present period; but, being in only one volume, this, of course, is less comprehensive than the work now referred to. The first volume of Mr. Rowbotham's history consists of two principal divisions, entitled, respectively, "Prehistoric Music" and "The Music of the Elder Civilisations and the Music of the Greeks"—the first book comprising chapters on "The Drum Stage," "The Pipe Stage," "The Voice," "Pipe Races and Lyre Races," and "The Lyre Stage"; the second consisting of articles on "The Egyptians," "The Assyrians and Hebrews," and "The Chinese, Indo-Chinese" and other mongoloids. The second volume opens with a continuation of Book II., the music of the Hindus and the Greeks being treated of, each volume containing appendices, with illustrative matter. The author has collected a large amount of valuable and interesting material which must have cost him much time and research.

"When the Meadows were White with May" (Chappell and Co.) is a pleasing, although unpretentious song, the words and music of which are by H. De Windt.

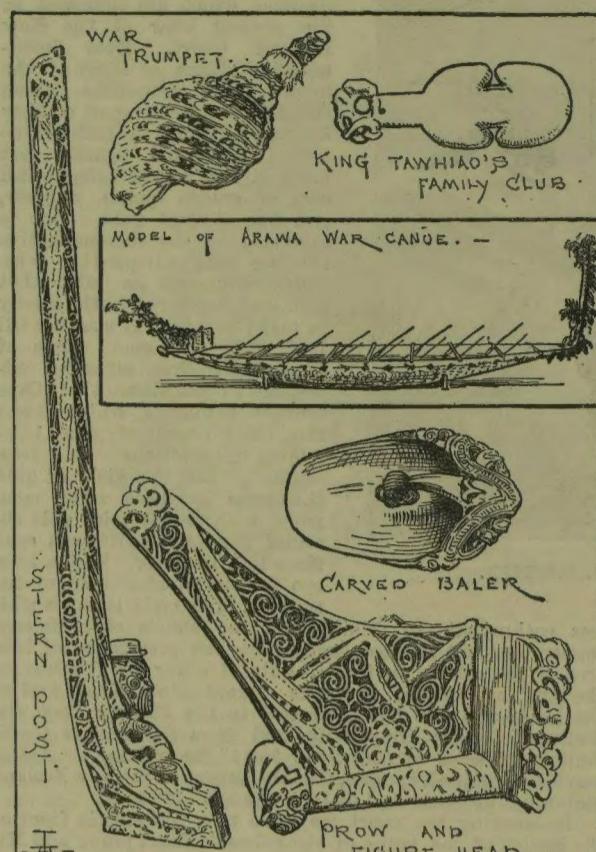
"Love is a Dream," song, by F. H. Cowen (Boosey and Co.), is a graceful melody, of genuine vocal character, simple yet striking, and lying within the most moderate compass. The change of tempo from common time to six-eight gives a good contrast.

From Messrs. Boosey and Co. we have several other pleasing vocal pieces. "My Old Mate, Tom," by Theo. Marzials, is a capital song in the nautical style, thoroughly English in its rhythm, robust in tone, without being vulgar or commonplace. "Go, Pretty Rose," by the same composer, is a duet in canon, in which this antique and formal style is used with facility, and without the pedantic tone which so often characterises it. The duet is pretty, besides being scientific. "Never Despair" by J. L. McCloy, and "When the Boats Come Home," by F. L. Moir, are songs, in each of which there is a pleasing vein of sentiment in the melody; and the same praise may be applied to "The Sweet Old River," "Only a Word," and "Dreams," songs, respectively, by Sydney Smith, Louis Diehl, and Cecile S. Hartog—all issued by Messrs. Boosey and Co.

"Andromeda," cantata, composed by C. H. Lloyd; "The Good Shepherd," oratorio by W. S. Rockstro; and "The Bridal of Triermain," cantata by F. Corder, are published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co., in the cheap and handy form which is now so much in vogue. The two first-named works were commissioned for, and performed at, the recent Gloucester Festival, the third for that at Wolverhampton, all having been already noticed by us in reference to those occasions, so that we have now merely to record their appearance in print; as also (in similar form) that of "The Maid of Astolat," cantata, composed by Dr. Swinnerton Heap, and issued by the London Music Publishing Company—this work, like that by Mr. Corder, having been commissioned for and performed at last month's Wolverhampton Festival.

Messrs. Boosey and Co. are the publishers of M. Audran's new opera, "Indiana," the vocal score of which is now in the press, and will appear shortly. We hear that the music is written in M. Audran's brightest and best manner.

From Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. we have several songs and pianoforte pieces. From among the former we may specify "For old Sake's Sake," by A. H. Behrend—a good specimen of the sentimental style; "Anthem-Time," by E. Bucalossi, who has allied a suave melody with an effective accompaniment, changes of key and rhythm giving a good effect of variety; "The Voice of Jesus," sacred song, by C. Darnton, in which the solemnity of the words is well expressed in the music; and "Asking the Way," a piquant song, the words of which, as well as the music, are by G. M. Lane. The pianoforte pieces from Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. include a spirited "Camel Corps March," by M. H. Long; "Gladys," a characteristic rustic dance, by H. Talbot; "Lady Teazle," a stately minuet, by G. F. Kendall; "Queen Mab," a sprightly "fairy dance," by M. Watson; and "Endymion," a melodious "intermezzo," by T. Bonheur.



MAORI CARVINGS IN THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

general interest save the food exhibits (which sufficiently speak for themselves) and the numerous pictures of New Zealand scenery, which will amply repay a visit to the Albert Hall. Finally, I have to return my warm thanks to Mr. Simmonds for the information he readily and courteously supplied respecting the New Zealand Court.

A special meeting of the Exhibition Commercial Exchange was held yesterday week at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, at which the reopening of the Exhibition next year was discussed at length, and resolutions in favour of this proposal were adopted.—Lieutenant-General Sir William Jervoise, Governor of New Zealand, has telegraphed to the Prince of Wales, thanking his Royal Highness for the proposal to permanently associate the Colonies with her Majesty's jubilee by the founding of an Imperial Colonial and Indian Institute. The Governor has also communicated with the other colonies with a view to united action in the matter. The Indian Government intends strongly to support the proposed institution.

Fifty-two dogs were killed in London during August as being rabid or savage; and 2748 dogs were seized by the police for not being under proper control. Eighty-two persons were bitten, sixteen of the number being police-constables. Two deaths from hydrophobia occurred.

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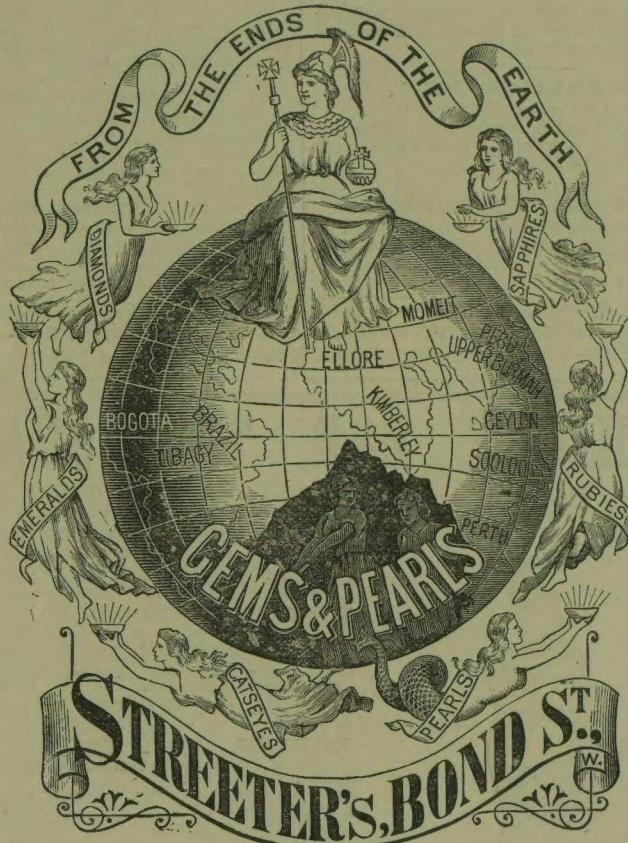
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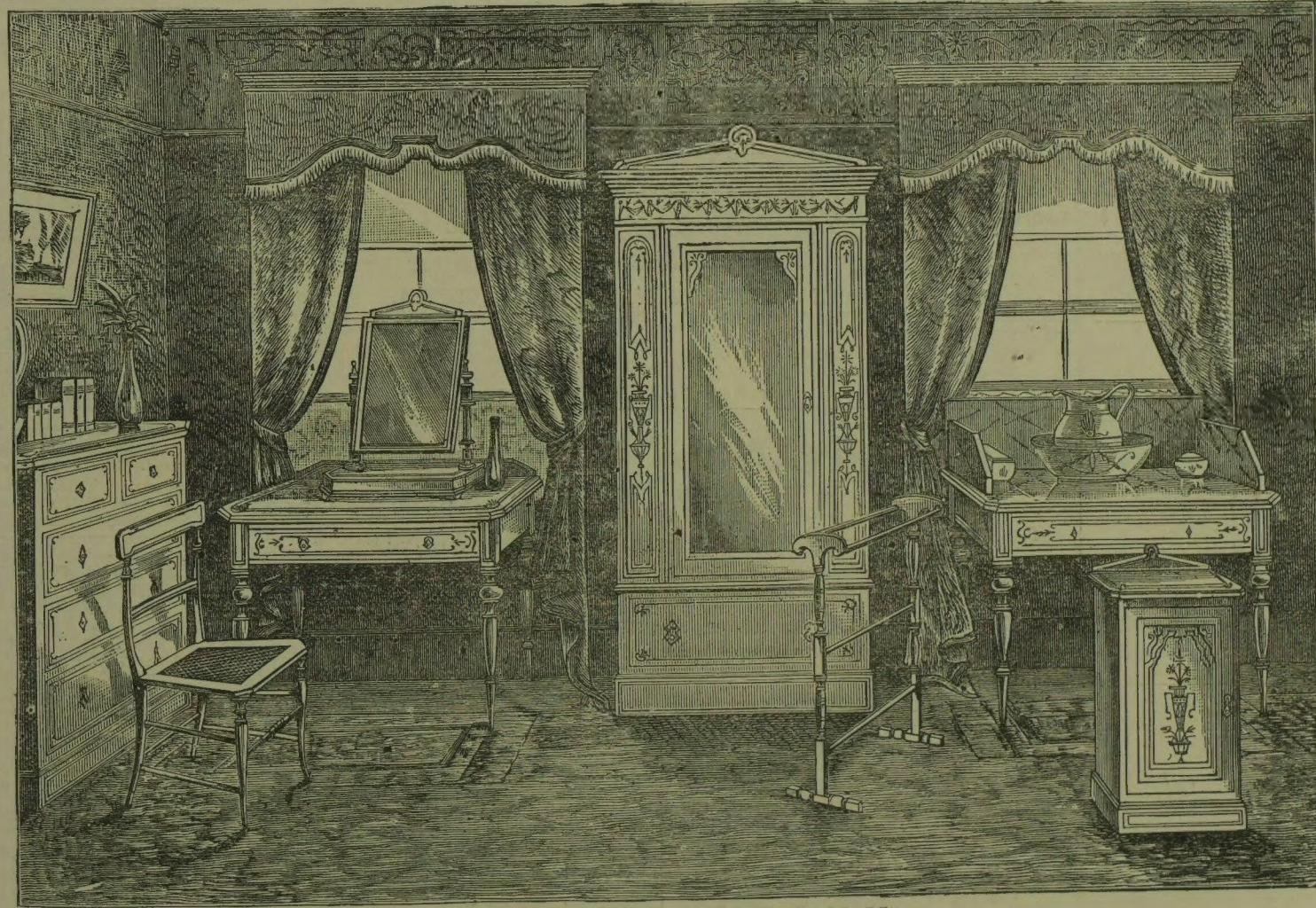
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# The Mexican Hair Renewer

This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the hair to its natural colour and gloss in from eight to twelve days.

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# The Mexican Hair Renewer

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# The Mexican Hair Renewer

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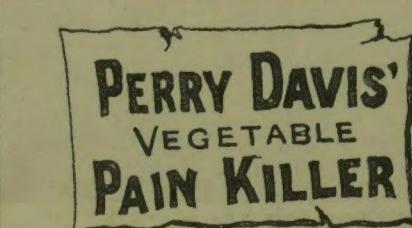
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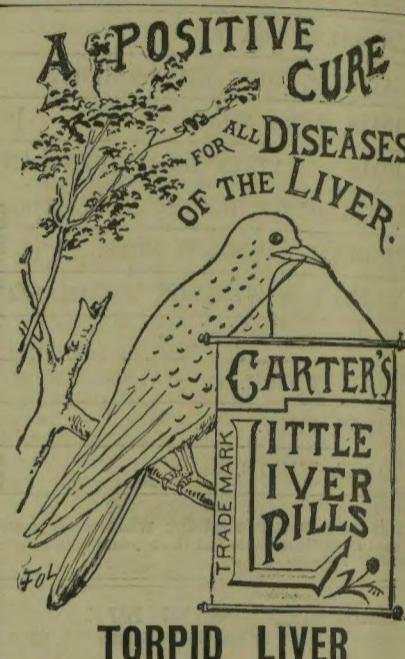
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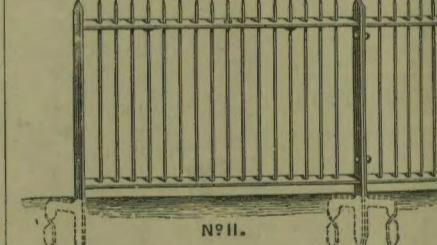


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